The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XII NO. 21 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1935 TEN CENTS A COPY

IN THIS ISSUE

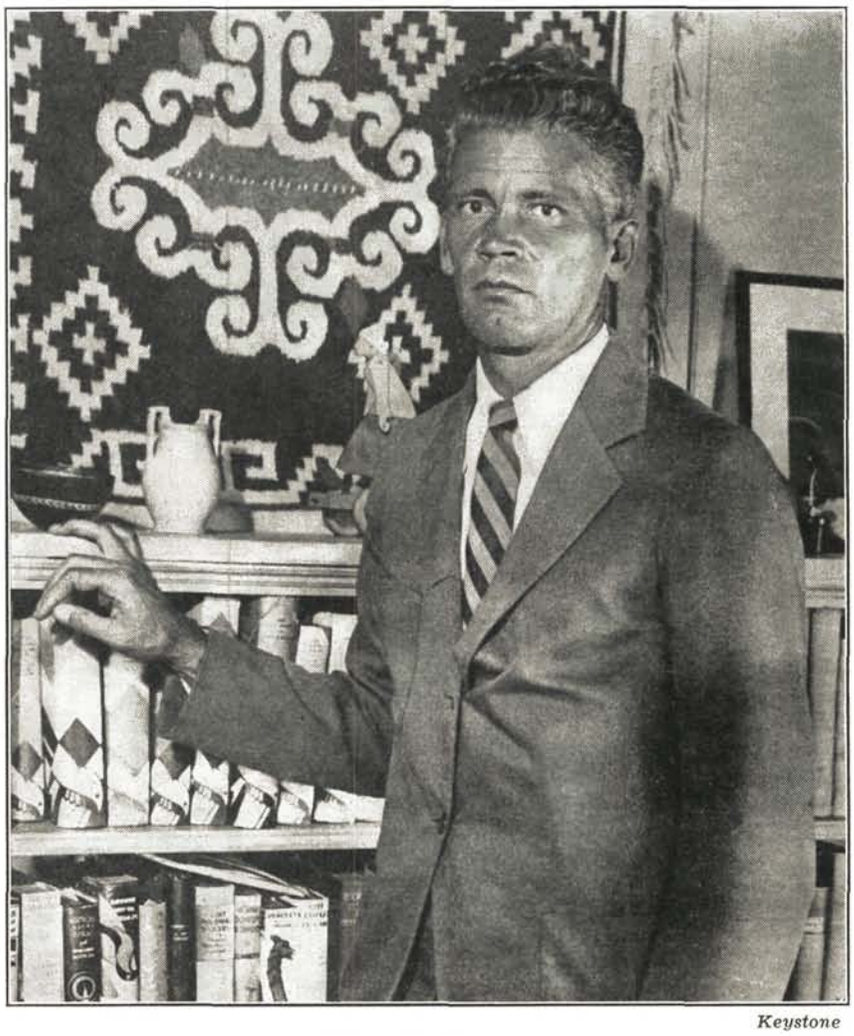
A. A. BERLE, JR.
Reviews "Government in Business" by Stuart Chase

ALLAN NEVINS
Reviews "The Du Pont Dynasty" by John K. Winkler

NATHANIEL PEFFER
Reviews "My Country and My People" by Lin Yutang

W. E. WOODWARD
Reviews "Ulysses S. Grant, Politician" by William B. Hesseltine

JOHN F. FULTON
Reviews "Man the Unknown" by Alexis Carrel



Keystone

STUART CHASE

. . . "The converging lines of an industrial and financial system are approaching a climax of some sort. That climax is not past. It lies a few years ahead—my own rough guess would be in the early part of the decade from 1940 to 1950" . . . *(see page 3)*

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

\$2.50

Already this novel is

ENGRAVED

IN THE MEMORY

of thousands of readers

(Two Editions exhausted before publication)

"A noteworthy novel by an author whose roots are in the soil, who knows his ground and the people."—*Sat. Review of Lit.*

"The forthright telling strengthens the sense of power and reality."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

"All American to the core—a strong, fine, brave story!"—*William Allen White.*

GOVERNMENT IN BUSINESS

by Stuart Chase

The Timeliest Book in Many Years. With characteristic vigor and clarity, Mr. Chase analyzes one of the most important problems of the day—expansion of government activities—and suggests its proper limitation. \$2.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

Special Notice!

Chase's "MEN AND MACHINES,"
Soule's "A PLANNED SOCIETY,"
Riis' "MAKING OF AN AMERICAN"

—have just been added to The Modern Readers' Series at 90 cents each! (Send for booklet of complete list.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U. S. A., Incorporated

BY A. A. BERLE, JR.

POUNDING through the varying debates of politicians, constitutional lawyers, and the intelligentsia are a set of economic forces whose action has been continuous through the past twenty years. They are obscure to the general public. To students they are becoming increasingly plain. They see that the converging lines of an industrial and financial system are approaching a climax of some sort. That climax is not past. It lies a few years ahead—my own rough guess would be in the early part of the decade from 1940 to 1950.

That climax is probably one of the periodic shifts which occur about once in every century—just as a century ago the last of feudal organization clashed, struggled, and went under, surrendering power, privilege, and rulership to the young, strong industrialism of the day. That climax is known on the continent as the Revolution of 1848; or in England as the period of Reform; it marked the end of a rule by the land-holding noblemen with its accompanying oligarchic government. It is at least possible that some similar shift is about to take place in the financial-industrial world familiar to us today.

This, I take it, is the real crux of the discussion brought up by Mr. Stuart Chase in his book on "Government in Business."*

That collection of essays, with a notable ballast of facts and figures, revolves around the axis of collectivism—meaning thereby, as the title of the book implies, government in business. An impressive collection of data regarding the gradual emergence of the government as a dominant factor in business indicates that much of the political talk on that subject is simply wide of the mark. Government goes into business not because it wants to, but because it has to; and the force which drives political organizations into what has been private business is none other than business itself. Mr. Maynard Keynes could make up a theoretical "agenda" of what the State might do as an intellectual exercise. The statesman, or, if you please, a hard-boiled politician, sitting uneasily in the pilot house of any government, would not be conducting intellectual exercises; but he would come surprisingly near an agenda not unlike Mr. Keynes's or Mr. Chase's.

Keystone

A. A. BERLE, JR.

Government goes into business for a double reason. The business has been there first; and a very large number of people have become dependent on it. Then the private business mechanism for some reason breaks down. The individual business men, if unable to handle the situation, are the first to insist that government take hold. There is almost invariably an intermediate period. In the early stages they ask merely for government assistance leaving them in substantial control. Inevitably, that phase is a short one. Where government has assisted, eventually government controls. The private process has changed to a public process. There seems to be no effective exception to this rule. Government has today in the United States assisted banks, and now begins to control credit. It has assisted railroads, and the time for government ownership is plainly not very far away. It has assisted agriculture, and is becoming ever more deeply enmeshed in the job of distributing agricultural products. It picks up the capital markets where the private business left off; and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation becomes roughly the equivalent of several houses of Morgan. In some instances, the process is voluntary: as where the government attempts to own and operate public utilities. There it may be said that there is no necessity in that the function cannot be taken care of by private enterprise; but the mental inhibitions of the private operators have created a political situation; and the fact that an endless amount of power should be available when it is not to a very large number of small users supplies the compulsion from a different side. Mr. Chase points out that even as a capitalist the federal government owns some sixteen billions of investments over and above its own bond operations, making it far away the largest security owner in the United States. Add in state operations, and you would find that in less degree the same process was going on throughout the country.

Stated thus strikingly, as Stuart Chase here does for us, this driving progress towards state ownership and public operation seems a trifle frightening. Only when it is tied up with the long history of government in general does it seem less exciting. The United States happens to have missed the period when post-offices were privately owned; but it is not so long ago that roads were private corporations and that the public water supply was set up by

(Continued on next page)

* *GOVERNMENT IN BUSINESS. By Stuart Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company.* 1935. $2.

Next Week

THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM
By T. E. LAWRENCE
Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

JOHN JAY, DEFENDER OF LIBERTY
By FRANK MONAGHAN
Reviewed by William MacDonald

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

private enterprise. But today, roads, water, amusement parks, free access to forests, bridges—much of the mechanism of modern life has become governmental within the last century. Just why it should be taken for granted at any moment that the process is frozen—that there is some law human or divine which precludes the trend from continuing—has always been past my comprehension.

Is this the method of organization which is likely to survive the possible climax?

One has to begin with the realization that no large group of the population is going to starve or even suffer great inconvenience in sweet reasonableness. If, therefore, business is essential to life, that business will be run privately if possible, publicly if necessary, but it will be run somehow in any case. And if finance does not fit with the program, then finance will have to be reorganized. A banker who lends money may be conducting a private operation; but when the aggregate of the private operations constitutes the currency system of the country, the need of a currency system will ride roughshod over the privacy of the banker whenever there is serious difficulty. And the banker will be only too glad to have the government step in lest he find himself apparently standing between a multitude of people and their ability to live.

There is an alternative. It is that of complete decentralization. A return, if you choose, to the agricultural economics, the small local production, and the balanced life in which no individual or financial group can attain sufficient power to upset the smooth working of what used to be called natural forces. Conceivably, engineering may give us that decentralization; but I have yet to see any tangible suggestion of how it might be done. Usually you are told that a huge factory can be decentralized by using scattered units operated at high capacity with an ample supply of electric power. That amounts, really, to substituting a power centralization for factory centralization; the center has merely shifted. The result is not industrial demobilization in any true sense; it is really a better distribution of population—a quite different thing in terms of modern life. Return even to straight agriculture is impossible if we take at face value the summary of the Mississippi Valley Survey reports which Mr. Chase likewise analyzes as a necessary part of his thesis. Grant that the river basins which comprise our most fertile areas have been so manhandled that the soil itself is disappearing, and your agriculture will survive only as it is kept from committing suicide by some sort of a master-policy. It has never seemed possible to me to take the decentralization theory seriously in the present state of our knowledge or our ideology.

The only remaining line seems to be a coöperative method which will work itself out in different countries according to the habits of the people. Ours happens to be that of absorption of previously private work by the state as occasion renders it necessary; and bringing it into orderly administration as rapidly as can be done.

Conflict between groups which resist this process and groups which are prepared to recognize it is fundamental in American thinking today. It is fundamental because the one group, usually conservative, emphasizes the possibility of enormous power for the individual if the government keeps out of business or limits itself to assistance. In emphasizing this the claims of a very large number of little people who are being handled with increasing roughness by the economic scheme of things are usually more or less ignored. The opposite group, paying less attention to the individual, insists that the claims of the little people come first; and believes, more realistically, that if they are not recognized, no individual is likely to get very far for any length of time. Generally speaking, the Eastern financial community represents the conservative view; President Roosevelt and his friends represent the more liberal view; and on any study of straight economics, I think Mr. Roosevelt is right and the financial group is wrong. I can see no effective answer to Mr. Stuart Chase's presentation of the problem. In general indeed, the answer is in the most theoretical of terms: appeals to history, to theoretical conceptions are little in terms of life. Your standpatter will commonly talk high ethics or brave principles, leaving the problem unsolved.

Senator LaFollette is often heard to say that no one is clever enough to lay out a blueprint for the United States; and he is perfectly right. With a political mechanism which can run all the way from the late Huey Long with a force-dictatorship in Louisiana to Mr. Upton Sinclair and his friends in southern California; or from the northwestern brand of progressivism to the New England variety of living on tradition, you are not likely to find any defined emphasis on a single method of public organization. With an economic machine which covers the whole distance from the almost primitive life in the mountain countries of the South to the over-organized, nervous, and tremendously self-centred mercury of New York, you are not likely to find any single method of economic administration which will fit all habits. What does emerge is the acceptance by the state of problems as they come along; and each in its time brings an added increment of government in business, or, if you choose, collectivism.

Mr. Stuart Chase summarizes this by saying that collectivism has come and more is coming "by default." What he means is that force-politics and violent revolution are quite unnecessary to the continued development of the tendency. His idea (changing here as he does from an expositor to an advocate) is summed up in a sentence:

> The essential strategy of the next decade, it seems to me, is to accept the aim of an adequate standard of living and to stand ready to promote that aim with every available law, constitutional revision, administrative technique, tested model for public business.

As he sees it there will be three steps. First, that of keeping the economic ship afloat. Since he thinks there will be

(*Continued on page* 14)

Song in the Wood

By JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY

THE red deer clips through the wood like a leaf slanting
Down the December wind. He lollops along
On seed-fall feet, through the broom-grass parting to swallow
His sallow flash. Rashly the spread prongs
Of his staghood batter the brush. A deer's way,
A by-path perfectly mapped in his lack-thought brain,
Yet scarcely harder-trodden on earth than on air,
He follows nimbly, his stare-eyes seeing it plain.
He comes from the cypress-ring where a scale of silver
Discovers the pond, wet-nurse of light-foot things;
The wild-cat sucks there, the fox and the partridge-covey
Thrive on sweet water coursing from what sweet springs.
The red deer's rush is blotted in dusk; no knowing
Whether he plunges under the boughs that lean
Over the muddy dip, but a horned moon roving
The later sky observes through the leafy screen
That on the velvet wet by the oak-tree's root
Is printed a silver shoe for a cloven foot.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by The Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XII, No. 21, September 21, 1935. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Story of Industrial England

THE STARS LOOK DOWN. By A. J. Cronin. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

DR. CRONIN'S latest novel gives us, with all the happy accompaniments of deft circumstance and vigorous characterization, a highly convincing and even more highly readable picture of the life of a North English mining community between the years 1903 and 1933. The picture is, indeed, so convincing and so readable that one English critic at least (so the jacket assures us) considers it to have "every merit which it is possible for a book to have."

This is high praise, even for English critics, whose standard of praise is not low. And, on the face of it, "The Stars Look Down" does appear to contain all the ingredients for a really great novel: it is varied but never disorderly, there is not a dull moment in all its 626 pages, its countless characters are portrayed with an oddly pleasant, even a thrilling, mixture of imagination and medical knowledge. The author of such a work, it is clear, is a creative artist of real distinction. And yet—what *can* it be?—there is something lacking in Dr. Cronin's art.

I think, uncritically of course, that what is lacking is the presence of Dr. Cronin. A novelist inevitably is part of his own drama, you are conscious of him—unseen but ubiquitous—hovering in anxiety or triumph behind the scenes; and the nearer he comes to greatness, the more conscious of him you are. This is an uncritical fact, but a fact none the less. A novelist's art may be high and remote, and he may have removed with an extreme austerity all traces of prejudice and opinion from his story; but even then his personality remains to stamp, unbidden, every page and every paragraph. And there is no such stamp upon any part of "The Stars Look Down."

A. J. CRONIN

Dr. Cronin, in fact, is almost anonymous. In this respect he has advanced a long way since his "Hatter's Castle" days. Then he bore a curious resemblance to a great variety of other writers, and none to himself; indeed, one got the impression from "Hatter's Castle" that it had been concocted in some remote Nirvana by a syndicate of six or seven eminent dead English authors. This is not the case with "The Stars Look Down," which proclaims itself the work of one man—yet a man who fails to impress his own self upon us.

If you reduce the novel to its simplest shape—and its shape is extremely complicated—it appears to constellate itself around three characters: David Fenwick, pitboy, school teacher, and Labor M.P.; Joe Gowlan, miner, bookie's tout, and war profiteer; and Arthur Barras, pacifist and post-war head of a ruined family of once prosperous mine owners. In the movements of these three figures, one might almost say, the story of the British coal industry passes and repasses before us.

But none of these three men claims our attention more than another. As a matter of fact "The Stars Look Down" is a novel without a hero; and it might well be contended that such a novel need only give us a wide and full picture of life to justify itself to the hilt. Perhaps this is true; and Dr. Cronin, there is no denying it, gives us just such a picture. The only trouble with the picture is that it is somewhat didactic.

Indeed, the more you consider the plot of "The Stars Look Down"—from a mine disaster (due to the greed of an owner) just before the war to the collapse of the Labor Government in 1933—the more it seems that Dr. Cronin's taste for socialism, so well supported by research, is the moving force of the book. I may be entirely wrong, but this seems to be the case. And if it is the case, then the force is not forceful enough.

This may appear to be the merest carping: but "The Stars Look Down," after all, is too good a book to be judged by any but the highest standards. It is obviously—and rightly—destined to be one of the outstanding books of this coming season. Its picture of life in Sleescale borough is animated with innumerable moments of keen insight, of tenderness, and hardness, and tension, and drama. Its portraits of women—and specifically of Jenny, David Fenwick's bad but pathetic little wife—are such as can be equalled by only a select group of contemporary English novelists. And above all it is readable: it offers, with the literary virtues implied in the phrase, excellent and unflagging entertainment; and the entertainment of their public is a business which few writers seem to understand.

NATHALIE COLBY

Ghost of a Lover

FOR LIFE. By Nathalie Colby. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IN Max Beerbohm's "Observations," there is a series of drawings called "The Old and the Young Self," in which various British public figures like Lloyd George, Bernard Shaw, Lord Oxford, and so on, are confronted in their maturity by the young persons they once were. The artist's idea of these *rencontres* is light and amusing. But the difference between what a man once was, and what he is now, may be in the nature of a profound tragedy. This is the main theme of a new book by the distinguished novelist, Nathalie Colby. She has presented it in what is to me a most original way. The husband in the heyday of his power and success is penetratingly observed by his wife as the alien simulacrum merely of the youth she once loved, still loves, and still hopes to reach through the thick shell of worldliness and self-importance of the man of public—and many private—affairs. The background of the book is the New England village of Silverbridge, where the patrician Sewells have lived for generations, and whither the young Jo, with whom Elinor Sewell fell immediately in love, came first as a rank outsider to the settled intrenchment of the wealthy local aristocracy.

When the story opens, the late Elinor Sewell, now for many years Mrs. Josephus Prendergast, has wakened to a new day in Silverbridge, beside her still sleeping husband, who has the day before made an orotund speech dedicating a million-dollar hospital. She is engaged in "thinking back." Throughout most of the book her tide of reminiscence flows. Another original feature of the treatment of the story exists in the fact that the husband has come to know all too

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well what she is seeking, armors himself in fear against it, and finally is fighting against his own idealistic youth as though this were a lover his wife had taken and would not give up. Fighting against this youth comes to involve fighting against the prime example of young love immediately under his eyes, his daughter Celia's for the son of Philip Sewell who was originally engaged to Elinor and lost out to Jo. He is battling both his own wife's love for the essential fineness in him, and his own daughter's right to the young man she loves. Meanwhile, there is the girl of the town, Mitzi, who is staying at the local hotel, having stalked Josephus Prendergast from the city, as a probable source of money and luxury in return for her stock-in-trade. Also, there are the local families—the village lives whose stories are interwound with the main story.

Mrs. Colby has her own style—glancing, sometimes brilliant, and always intuitive. My few criticisms must come now. In the first place it seems to me that Josephus Prendergast is built into too great a monstrosity. To me, as he is presented in maturity, he has hardly a single redeeming trait. And after the climactic scene—which is vividly and terribly delineated—it is hard for a mere man to understand why the wife would still have followed the husband.

But the situation Mrs. Colby has chosen, between Elinor and Josephus, is an unusual one and gives the author an opportunity for much subtle, and a good deal of mordant, psychological dissection, of which she takes full advantage.

In phrases of characterization Mrs. Colby excels. She has the conscience and the attainments of the artist. She has emotional power and a keen sense of drama. Like other Sedgwick women who have written novels (her mother was Katherine Sedgwick), she is a creator to be reckoned with.

Du Ponts of Delaware

THE DU PONT DYNASTY. By John K. Winkler. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. WINKLER, who has the journalist's eye for good subjects, has here seized upon one of his best. Several volumes on the Du Pont family have been written by Bessie Gardner du Pont, but have reached few readers. Since the World War a mass of newspaper and magazine material has appeared upon the fast-expanding empire of the family; an empire embracing explosives, chemicals, a huge variety of synthetic products, from fertilizers to cellophane, and not least the General Motors Company. But no single volume has hitherto caught together the various parts of this long and varied family history. Mr. Winkler has performed the task with his usual virtues of vivacity, color, sense for the dramatic, and ability to disentangle significant facts from insignificant detail. His book has the defects of these virtues and some others in addition; it is loosely put together, rather slapdash as to facts and conclusions, and full of the purest journalese. But the defects weigh less against his achievement here than in some previous volumes. He has filled a gap in the literature of our business history, and filled it interestingly and instructively.

The Du Pont history is a three-act drama rising to a definite climax. The first act brings on the stage a group of vital, indomitable, attractive French Huguenots. The second act shows us a rather plodding line of gunpowder-manufacturers on the Delaware, profiting by successive wars but never rising much above mediocrity as business leaders. The third phase of the story will be the most interesting to present-day readers.

As we should expect, Mr. Winkler hurries over the first act. In a way it is unfortunate, for Pierre S. Dupont was almost as picturesque a figure as his time produced, and too little has been written about him. He served three nations—Poland, France, and the United States. But it would have spoiled the unity of Mr. Winkler's book, which is essentially an American story, to have lingered upon the versatile and restless Pierre, whose heart was always in France. It was his two sons, Victor and Irénée, who definitely transferred the line to America. When Irénée went hunting one day, found American powder costly and bad, and learned that the largest mill in the United States employed but sixteen men and was managed with ridiculous inefficiency, the destiny of the family was fixed. The two sons had soon set up as manufacturers.

The second phase of the narrative Mr. Winkler illustrates with diagrams showing the growth of the Du Pont family tree, and they are needed. The tangled list of Du Ponts, together with an increasing number of associates bearing old American names—Kneeland, Rodman, and the like—is somewhat hard to follow. It is evident that at first we have a typical French manufacturing enterprise. The emphasis is upon thrift, efficiency, cautious management, strict conservation of the profits within the family. But little by little environment and American blood have their effect.

It was Coleman Du Pont, whose mother was a Kentuckian and who had the aspect of an Appalachian mountaineer, who first made the company great. At thirty-eight, in 1902, he became the dominant figure in it. He did his work so well and rapidly that in 1907 the Federal Government filed suit against the Du Ponts for violation of the Sherman Act, alleging that the company had a complete monopoly of the manufacture of smokeless powder in the United States, and a monopoly of ninety-five per cent of the manufacture and distribution of gunpowder and high explosives other than smokeless.

His successor as head of the clan, Pierre, stepped to the centre of the stage just as the World War was beginning. Mr. Winkler tells rapidly and dramatically what happened after the Allies agreed to pay one dollar a pound for powder, and let contracts so rapidly that, as one executive later wrote, "we were forced to start a new plant nearly every day." He tells also how the Du Ponts bought their share in General Motors, and within two years, gained absolute control. And he skilfully pictures the organization as it stands at the present day, with Pierre still at the helm. It is a wider, more sprawling clan than ever. Its future will mean much, for good or ill, to the United States.

This is an interesting and illuminating book. If a line is drawn between journalism and history, or journalism and biography, Mr. Winkler's books fall too much on the journalistic side. But he is performing a service none the less.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS
Discussing the location of the first Du Pont powder mill with President Jefferson. From a painting by S. M. Arthurs.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The True China

MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE. By Lin Yutang. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. A John Day Book. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by NATHANIEL PEFFER

LET me say at the outset that this is the best book on China in the English language. I say it with mixed feelings: with a little of envy, because I have myself written books on China, and with more of a sense of vindication, since I have always believed that a truly revealing book on China could be done only by a Chinese, one who had a background of Western culture without at the same time having had his native cultural roots withered in the shallow sterilities of missionary colleges at home or the artificiality of undergraduate "courses" in America. Thus could be circumvented the two main causes of the deficiencies of all foreign books on China. The majority of foreigners come to China too late to get more than an intellectual apprehension of the spirit of China and the feel of Chinese life. And many of them have left their own countries so early that they have not been deeply enough imbued with their own culture to be equipped for comparative judgments. In consequence they rush into glib comparisons, which have no merit or meaning.

This book proves my thesis. Mr. Lin is such a Chinese. He has lived in Europe and America and measured the ways of the West with a critical eye. He is widely read in Western literature, has an impressive erudition, and has not only "learned" Western culture but understands it. Withal he has the mellowness, the wisdom, and the humor of his race. As I say, his book is therefore the best that has been written on China in English, and I recommend it to all those who want a true and sensitively perceived picture of China. I recommend it also for its acute insight into Occidental institutions, ideas, and ways of life. Mr. Lin says of foreigners who want to write of China that they "must feel with the pulse of the heart as well as see with the eyes of the mind." He himself feels us with the heart.

It is difficult to sum up or characterize the contents of his book. He follows the precepts of the philosophy of Chinese art as he describes it—conveying the whole and the reality by the evocation of a mood with a few impressionistic strokes. In the best sense of the word his book is impressionistic rather than analytical or schematic. Lin Yutang tries to give a sense of why Chinese are different from others and why they are as they are: their attitude to life, their conception of society and men's relation to each other, their arts and literature. Without rigid plan or argument he makes you understand why they are what is miscalled "fatalistic," why they find efficiency uncongenial, why and how they get at least as much out of living as any other race despite their poverty, grime, misgovernment, and lack of comforts, even why they have rapacious militarists, crooked politicians, and civil wars.

What stands out mainly is, first, the essential humanism of the Chinese people and, second, their love of nature, their inseparableness from nature. The end of living for the Chinese is to get as much enjoyment as possible out of the fleeting span between birth and death. To that end all religion, philosophy, esthetics, and social organization are bent. The Gothic spirit, the aspiring toward heaven, *per aspera ad astra*—all that means nothing to the Chinese. Still less does the otherwordliness of Occidental religions. You're human and fallible; the universe is all-powerful and nature invincible; the world is old and not very much has changed or ever will change or can change; progress is an illusion; you have so little time to live and you can spend that time so pleasantly—why worry? You need only be urbane and civilized and a gentleman and enjoy what nature offers. Men are mortal and never will be gods. The heavens never will bend to their will. Wisdom lies in mellowness and understanding and a just measuring of proportion, not in brilliance. There are the arts for your fulfilment.

LIN YUTANG

It is unusual and refreshing to read a Chinese on China who does not have a sense of inferiority before the West and at the same time does not idealize China. There are no illusions in Mr. Lin. He is as aware of what is wanting in his country as any Shanghai reporter. The difference is that he understands causes. Like all thinking Chinese today he is despondent over the tragic plight of his country and the suffering of its people. I must, however, disagree with him on the causes and the remedy. To Confucianism and its exaltation of family and family obligations he attributes the lack of social consciousness. To the Confucian philosophy of government, which is based on the rule of superior men unguided and unchecked by impersonal law, he attributes the corrupt and oppressive government under which China suffers.

The lack of social consciousness in China is admitted. But the lack is not Chinese. The social consciousness he admires in the West is not a racial or cultural characteristic of the Western peoples. It is a product of the time, of the social integration made possible by communications. There was no more social consciousness in Europe before the industrial revolution than there is in China now. In fact there was less in seventeenth century Europe than in seventeenth century China. It was just the relatively greater sense of collective trusteeship in China that impressed the first European travelers and inspired Voltaire to encomiums. There can be no social consciousness when the village is the social unit. And as you look at the Western world in 1935 there is not so much social consciousness when the nation is the social unit. What Mr. Lin bewails in this connection is really the fact that China has not yet mechanized, a fact which I do not think he bewails in general.

When, further, he sees China's hope in the institution of government by law instead of by men, he is only clutching at a straw in desperation. I am afraid that when he was in Europe and America, he did not observe the workings of government by law closely enough. For whether you have an avowed government by men or an ostensible government by law you get government by men anyway, or, at the most, government by lawyers in the interests of powerful men. Government by the kind of men who now govern China is suicidal, but so long as such men are in power laws will only serve as their protective coloration.

Disagree with Mr. Lin or not over minor points, you will get a more veracious idea of China from his book than from any other book ever written, more perhaps than you will get by just living there and depending on your own faculties to grasp the untranslatable. And you will be stimulated and refreshed by a great deal of wisdom about life and, incidentally, by an English style of charm and occasional distinction.

Mr. Peffer's own book, "China: The Collapse of a Civilization," is one of the best informed books on that country.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN.....Associate Editor
GEORGE STEVENS....Managing Editor
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } Contributing Editors
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY }

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1935, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Reporter's Heaven

IT would be interesting to know just how many successful contemporary authors have had a training, or at least an experience, in journalism. In fiction and in drama doubtless the percentage would be high, but that need surprise no one. A writer who wants to tell stories cannot sell them until he learns how, and eight times out of ten gets a journalistic job to earn something while he is maturing his talent. The journalists who emerge as authors are usually would-be book writers who became journalists in order to become authors.

If statistics were available as to the number of ex-journalists among historians, biographers, and writers of serious books on topical subjects like economics, the figures would be surprising. This accounts for the superior quality of interest in recent books of this kind, and also for the superficial character of many of them.

The journalist-author is responsible also for one earmark of the modern novel, modern history, modern biography done by ex-journalists that begins to grow annoying in the extreme. It might be called the reporter-habit. The supreme example is, naturally, to be found in a well-written book, Thomas Wolfe's "Time and the River" (although Wolfe, we believe, was never a reporter), but the taint is in the air, and examples are multitudinous both here and in England. The novelist does not think of himself as an interpreter endeavoring to give an intelligible shape to the complex called life. He regards himself as a reporter with an assignment to report behavior. Life is a story, which, if he can make what happened or was heard seem like news, is sure to be printed, because news, that is, what has just happened and seems important because it has just happened, is what we are all conditioned to read. Hence a novel ceases to be a plot in the old sense, ceases to be a presentation of character, ceases even to have an atmosphere; relies instead upon a vivid transcript of recent conversation somewhat edited, and a chronological development from what they did yesterday to what they did today, very much like a long news story in a daily paper, but much freer to get in background and the mannerisms of personality. The novel thus takes up behaviorism where the scientists dropped it.

As for the journalist-historians and journalist-biographers, they have borrowed the legitimate methods of the novelist and made them illegitimate. Their scholarship is often good, but only the best of them can resist the temptation to go beyond scholarship. It is not enough that the Brontë children were known to have worked together, or that Josephine tried to wheedle favors from Napoleon. They must write the scenes, invent a dialogue, supply fancy where the facts only point the way. It is true that Thucydides wrote speeches for his characters, but his object was to typify their action —these short-story episodes in journalistic history are clearly designed for a different purpose, to make history read as if it might be happening today, as if it were news. A good ambition if nothing more important is sacrificed. But something highly important is lost, the confidence of the reader, his belief. And so able and well-informed a journalist-biographer as Zweig will go further along these fictional lines and construct a plot. It was sexual maladjustment that ruined Louis XVI, uncontrollable passion that wrecked Mary Queen of Scots. To this theme, this plot, all the rest of the biography will be subordinated, as in a novel.

We have charged journalism, or rather a training in journalism, with these serious faults. Probably the real cause lies deeper, lies behind journalism, not in it. Probably it is the philosophic chaos of this period which is most responsible. Presumably it is our passionate desire to have everything pattern itself in the concrete diagrams of natural science which makes us so curious as to behavior and so willing to be content with news. A hundred years ago, two hundred years ago, the writer saw his subjects in terms of a theory of living, which was not rigidly dogmatic like Marxism, but speculative, inquiring. Today he is inclined to stop with the facts, which seem to him sufficient. Which is right, who can say? But the first makes the best fiction, and the best history.

Politician in Homespun

If Huey Long did not belong in the line of homespun philosophers discussed recently in these columns, he was certainly a near relative. His philosophy was instinctive and vague, for he was emphatically a man of action, the most recent, the ablest, but by no means the last of those statesmen-demagogues who hear the call of the poor-white to be rescued from his century-long exploitation, and see their opportunity in his plight. But a homespun orator he certainly was, and here he touches literature and the American tradition. His speeches were not brilliant; his epigrams, though quoted up and down the country, were not particularly good, and depended much more upon their impudence than upon their wit or wisdom for success. They make a sorry show beside Lincoln's equally homely epigrams or Theodore Roosevelt's pungent quotations. Huey Long's art was different. It was not the art of using language to conceal thought, but a variation of that ancient trick,—the art by which language hides the character, and especially the ability, of the speaker. Senator Long spoke before the Dutch Treat Club last year, where he was in no danger of being reported, and so was not afraid to be his real self. He is not being reported here, but this much can be said with propriety. The man who orated that day was clearly educated, self-educated but well educated, a man widely if irregularly read, a man quite capable of analyzing his own statements in social philosophy, who certainly knew which were true and which were intended to make an audience believe what was necessary for his own practical purposes. But, since Federalism and its intellectual aristocracy crashed among us, that kind of a mind has had to veil its power before the American public, or give up appealing to the masses. It has had to deal in generalities easily understood (like the speeches of Wilson and the President), or pretend to be simple, homely, low-brow. Long chose the latter course, and, like Artemus Ward, resorted to the old trick of semi-illiteracy. Artemus misspelled, Huey raised a camouflage of *aints.* He was a shrewd politician who dressed his language in homespun because that was the way to get it over to his constituency. He kept his poor-white manners to conceal the fact that his was no poor-white mind.

Ten Years Ago

The Saturday Review recommended "The Tragedy of Waste" by Stuart Chase in the Fall of 1925. W. E. Woodward, who reviewed the book, wrote: "*Mr. Chase points out that the main cause of our stupendous waste of commodities and man power is a natural result of the anarchy of commerce and industry. Industrialism is continually running in head-on opposition to the needs of society. . .*" At that time Mr. Chase maintained that a day of reckoning was in the offing.

Today

In this issue A. A. Berle, Jr., reviews Stuart Chase's latest book, "Government in Business." The reviewer, making the prediction that the economic climax is nearly here, proceeds to quote Mr. Chase: "*The essential strategy of the next decade . . . is to accept the aim of an adequate standard of living*" and to promote it "*with every available law, constitutional revision, administrative technique.*"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *The New Deal and Adult Education*

FEP

SIR:—On the editorial page of a recent issue of the *Review*, I read, under the caption, "Groves of Academe," a suggestion regarding the employment of professional energy, at present lying idle, in "a sort of open air university extension institute."

Is it not known that for two years past, the Federal Emergency Employment Program has been operating such an activity? In Southern California, where my experience has been gained, there have existed adult groups in every kind of subject for which request has been made: handicrafts, science, domestic problems, pre-school child care, clothes, music, literature, colored citizens' classes. Teachers are appointed as the quota according to each community's population allows, meeting places and hours are set at convenience of the groups. Check is kept of the budget needs of each person applying for appointment, and a shifting movement goes on, as private occupation becomes available.

Of course it is common knowledge that adult education offered free to citizens has been in operation for many years. The number of those attending classes grows year by year, from the opening of the High Schools (in which they are held) in September to the close in June. These are financed by funds set aside by State and County boards. Adults may work for credit leading to diplomas, and men and women denied in adolescence may realize in adulthood the ambition they started life with. Ages of students ranges from eighty down to twenty. Faculties include increasing numbers of teachers with university degrees and first rate experience.

A list of groups at work here during the past season under the Federal supervision may be obtained from FEP Headquarters. (Director Miss C. Lofstedt), Principal, Garfield School, Pasadena and California Avenues, Pasadena, California.

MARIAN LYNNE.

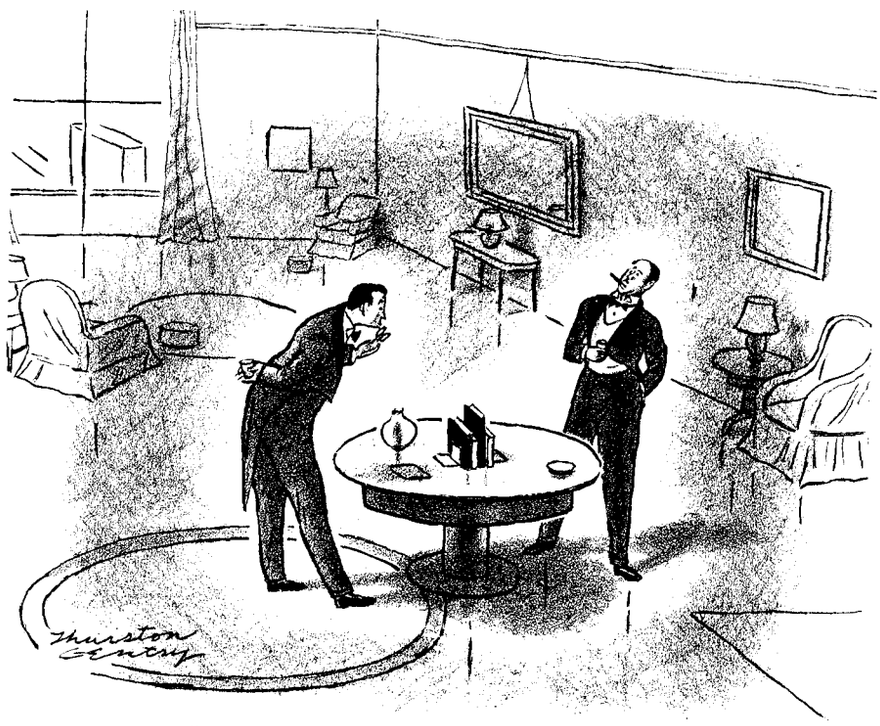
Monrovia, Cal.

Twain, Scott, Adams

SIR:—R. F. McGraw, in his interesting letter, (*S. R. L.* Aug. 24) asks if historians support Mark Twain's theory regarding Sir Walter Scott and his having been responsible for the "sham civilization which was the great weakness of the South." Yes. James Truslow Adams in "America's Tragedy" (pages 94 and 95) says, "Some one who loves the South cannot fail to find something pathological in the intellectual life between 1830 and 1860." "It . . . [the South] withdrew itself into . . . a dream world of its own . . . Walter Scott provided the escape . . . the theory of every Southerner a lord and every Southern woman a queen of love and beauty was born." On page 119 we find ". . . Walter Scott provided the romantic setting for a sort of neo-feudalism in social outlook, and it was said that his books were shipped South in car-load lots . . . The dream world was being rapidly built up." Poor Sir Walter has a great deal to answer for, apparently!

ADELINE JARVIS SQUIER.

Haverford, Pa.



"HM! QUITE A LIBRARY YOU HAVE HERE!"

What Shakespeare Meant

SIR:—

Let the priest in surplice white
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-diving swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

Logan Pearsall Smith, citing this stanza from the "Phoenix and the Turtle," speaks of its "beautiful meaningless." I always thought it meant: "Let the white-surpliced priest, who is an expert in music for the dead, chant his swan-song, lest the requiem be lacking in his funeral rite."

Why not? Or must we stickle at the difference between *rite* and *right*? Then: "lack its due." Shakespeare avoided *its*, of course.

G. S. HUBBELL.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Frank Harris, Cowboy

SIR:—The best book on cowboy life was written by a man whose reputation was made in very different fields, such as the editing of the famous *English Review*, and his autobiography, suppressed by the censor. His "My Reminiscences as a Cowboy," now out of print, is a tale of the author's boyhood days, a story of adventure, and a history of the Texas frontier. As a story it is well told and as a chronicle of cowboy life it is exceptional. He writes with knowledge of the subject and with literary ability, a combination that is rare, perhaps unknown, in this class of books. The period was the most dramatic in Texas cattle history. It was a time when, the railroad having reached Dodge City, Kansas, the cattlemen were beginning to drive their herds from the Rio Grande River to that market. They had before them a thousand miles of uncharted wilderness infested with hostile Indians and white desperadoes. It is the most authentic of all the "Westerns."

WALTER FARWELL.

Syosset, N. Y.

Donald Evans

SIR:—Owing to a series of strange circumstances, I have in my possession a number of the personal papers of the late poet, Donald Evans. The person who gave them to me has disappeared, and I am doubtful of my right to hold them. I would be glad to hear from anyone who has a claim to them. They include invaluable material for a possible future study of his work.

It is not generally realized that Donald Evans, perhaps more than anyone else, was the cutting edge of the new-poetry movement in this country just before the war.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

Hillsdale, N. Y.

Longfellow

SIR:—Would you be kind enough to bring to the attention of your readers that I am compiling a bibliography of the published works of Henry W. Longfellow? This bibliography will include not only detailed descriptions of his separate publications, but the places and dates of the first appearance of his poems and shorter prose pieces. I should be pleased to have from your readers any clues as to the location of obscure Longfellow items.

NELSON F. ADKINS.

New York University.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man of the People

ULYSSES S. GRANT, POLITICIAN. By William B. Hesseltine. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1935. $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM E. WOODWARD

THE most confused era in American history, from the time of the adoption of the Constitution until today, is the stretch of twelve years that followed the Civil War. The problems of the time were so exigent and perplexing that they could be solved only by statemanship of the highest order. But there were no statesmen in public life; only politicians, narrow-minded theorists, stump-speech demagogues, feeders at pork barrels, and vicious, cruel partisans.

The nearest approach to a statesman was Andrew Johnson, an accidental President. He was a constitutionalist, an advocate of simple justice and ordinary human rights. Besides, being innately fair-minded he understood the situation as it really was. To that extent he was a statesman, but the limitations of his personality enclosed him like a wall. He was indecisive and far too voluble; he was often tangled up by his own words; he lost his temper publicly time and again; and he had an extraordinary capacity for alienating friends and making enemies. Long before his term came to an end his influence for good had frozen to zero.

For eight of the twelve years of this chaotic period the head of the American nation was Ulysses S. Grant, a well-meaning and ignorant soldier. He was ignorant in the sense that he was almost completely illiterate in respect to every important political and social question. The Civil War had made him the one great national hero. He was precisely the kind of public figure that the American people admires and idolizes. He possessed every cherished trait and antecedent. A common man, the son of plain, simple people. A shabby failure in business and a success in war. As a man who had made his way upward in the world after the age of forty, his example had brought hope to millions of men with graying heads, and to millions of plow boys. He loved horses, was careless in dress—"as common as an old shoe"—and he took a drink whenever he felt like it. His idea of war was a smashing fight, not just a lot of strategy. The plain people understood that. His unabashed ignorance of the literary arts, of treatises and manuals, of law books, found a ready response among the great mass of his fellow-citizens, for they too looked upon book-learning with suspicion and disdain.

"CHILDREN CRY FOR IT"
Grant administering the Civil Service: from a cartoon by Nast

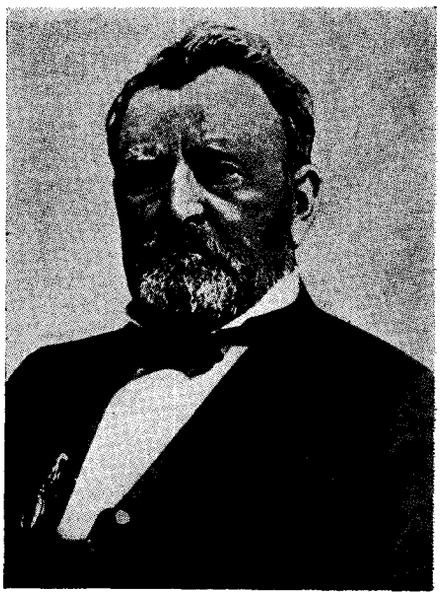
The war was over, and the victor of Appomattox, amid huzzas and adulation, looked upon a world that was new to him. Suddenly he had become a great man without a great man's knowledge or manner of thought. He entered the public life of a complicated and turbulent civilization at the top—or near the top—and he never succeeded in learning its fundamental realities. Never succeeded and never tried.

Mr. Hesseltine takes up Grant's career at this point. His book is an admirable and scholarly history of the Grant administration, written around its central figure.

When he came to Washington after the surrender of Lee and sat down in an office in the War department as general in command of the army Grant had no political views at all; or, if he had, he kept them to himself in his silent, tight-lipped manner. The Democrats claimed him, and the Republicans, at first, considered him a Democrat. Grant himself said nothing. My own belief is—and I think it is also Mr. Hesseltine's—that Grant did not commit himself for the simple reason that he did not know what either party stood for, and had no opinion of his own.

Gideon Welles, the forthright Secretary of the Navy in Johnson's cabinet, wrote in his Diary: "He has no political principles, no intelligent idea of Constitutional government, yet General Grant will very likely be the next President of the United States."

The old landmarks were crumbling. The sacred vessels were tarnished and shattered. Congress, dominated by such fire-eaters as Thaddeus Stevens and Ben Wade, drove a mailed fist through the Constitution day after day. President Johnson and a recalcitrant Congress fought each other like two mud-spattered wrestlers. Argument degenerated into invective, and legislation was inspired by sadism. Thaddeus Stevens proposed a re-



GRANT AS PRESIDENT

construction measure which had as its central feature the expropriation of the land owned by ex-Confederates. The land was to be turned over to the freed slaves. It was proposed to abolish the states that had seceded, and arrange them in new forms. Charles Sumner was for holding the Southern states as conquered provinces, without representation in Congress. All white men who had served in the Confederate army were to be disfranchised, and the voting was to be done by the Negroes. This was the general level of post-war statesmanship. Andrew Johnson vetoed bills by the score; and by the score they were passed over his veto.

Other sinister influences worked more quietly, but not less effectively. The vulgar new rich had come on the scene, holding in their possession the swindling fortunes that they had piled up during the war. They cared nothing for freed slaves or states' rights, one way or the other. They stood for rugged individualism and other forms of financial piracy. What they wanted was a complacent government which would let them run the Treasury, do as they pleased in speculative enterprises, and fill their Christmas stockings with monopoly rights and land grants.

In his discussion of these tendencies and the men who promoted them Mr. Hesseltine shows, with colorful detail, how Grant was gradually drawn into politics on the side of the bondholders, the financial oligarchy, and the advocates of higher and higher tariffs. They needed him, and they needed him badly. As a national hero he had a following of the common people than ran up into the millions. His followers, for the most part, did as little thinking as possible, and they believed in Grant. Why not? He had put down the Rebellion. Could a man do a bigger thing than that?

The General accepted gifts from all and sundry. The citizens of Galena bought the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

house he had lived in as tenant before the war and gave it to him. Rich men in Philadelphia chipped in and presented him with a mansion, elegantly furnished. Innumerable boxes of cigars, horses, cases of liquor, and suits of clothes. Like little Jack Horner, he sat in a corner and pulled out the plums. Still, there was no declaration from him as to where his political cat would jump.

Eventually he came into the Republican camp through the tortuous involutions of a public quarrel with President Johnson in which each of these distinguished men called the other a liar. You must read Mr. Hesseltine for the details.

He was on the band wagon, and it was a popular vehicle. Politicians who were germ-proof against infection by principles ran panting after the band wagon, and were sorry they had spoken slightingly of the great general.

When elected, Grant declared that he owed nothing to politicians and would not consider them in making appointments. Then he proceeded to put his followers into office wholesale, and to provide soft berths for all members of the Grant family, as well as for relatives even unto the third degree of cousinship.

Grant's policies as President were confused and contradictory for the reason that, in many matters of great importance, he had only a hazy notion of what it was all about. But, in the main, he was favorable to the corporate interests, to wealth and privilege. His attitude in this respect was particularly unfortunate, for he was President just at the time when the financial powers were fastening their hold on American institutions. It has taken two generations to undo the errors of the Grant administration, and the job is still far from finished.

Yet, at that, he was better in intent and purpose than his Congresses. He stood for a sensible reconstruction of the South and before he was through all the Southern states were back in the Union on the same basis as the other states. This was the result of Grant's instinctive feeling for fair play. He was magnanimous, generous, and honest. In his way he was all right, but he was not the right man for President.

In spite of his personal honesty his stolid dulness led him, or his administration, into questionable situations. There was the Gould-Fisk scandal, for one; the Whisky tax frauds, for another; not to mention other malodorous episodes.

Mr. Hesseltine has made a notable contribution to historical literature. This review does not, by any means, do justice to the merits of his book. It is based on a vast amount of careful and accurate research, and it is well written. But it is not a book for idle, casual reading. There are 452 pages of it, and every page contains so many facts that one cannot skim through the volume in one or two evenings and get an adequate idea of its import.

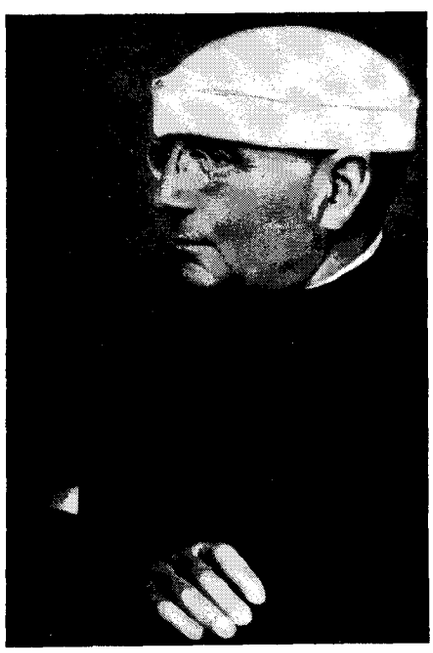
W. E. Woodward is the author of a biography entitled "Meet General Grant."

Can Science Save Society?

MAN THE UNKNOWN. By Alexis Carrel. New York: Harper & Bros. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN F. FULTON

THE impulse within recent years for artists and men of science to record their impressions of the changing social order has been frequently obeyed, generally in the form of a slightly disguised autobiography. Snow's recent novel "The Search" is a notable instance. Alexis Carrel has not chosen the romantic medium to tell his story, and his book is not exactly an autobiography, but rather an assemblage of somewhat unguarded *obiter dicta* concerning man and society—and the reviewer would incidentally be much interested to learn what part of the Dewey decimal system is assigned to it by professional librarians. The distinguished author makes a serious attempt—he is in dead earnest—to explain to the lay public the aims and objectives of biological research. He sees in scientific endeavor a means of curing the principal evils of present day civilization, and the book may be regarded as special pleading for the biological sciences in general and for medicine in particular.



DR. ALEXIS CARREL

The book is provocative and stimulating, despite the calm self-assurance of the author. Dr. Carrel explains in the preface that:

> He has observed practically every form of human activity. He is acquainted with the poor and the rich, the sound and the diseased, the learned and the ignorant, the weakminded, the insane, the criminal, etc. He knows farmers, proletarians, clerks, shopkeepers, financiers, manufacturers, politicians, statesmen, soldiers, professors, school teachers, clergymen, peasants, bourgeois, and aristocrats. . . . He lives in the New World and also in the Old, he has the privilege of spending most of his time in the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research as one of the scientists brought together by Simon Flexner.

The first part of the book is a plea for the study of man as an intact organism and one of the most diverting chapters is that on mental activity in which is discussed mental telepathy, prayers, miracles, feeble-mindedness in dogs, clairvoyance, Abélard's eunuchism, esthetics, and the excessive demands made by the wives of men of genius upon their husbands. "If Beatrice had been the mistress of Dante," Dr. Carrel remarks, "there would perhaps be no 'Divine Comedy.'" Despite this diversity of subject, there is much common sense interspersed between platitudes and extravagant statements.

The chapter on the adaptive functions is a purely objective piece of writing which is based on sound physiology, good surgery, and a broad philosophical conception; and it raises this part of the book to the dignity of a philosophical contribution. In his final chapter Dr. Carrel, with a few bold strokes, paints his picture of a new social organization in which, through voluntary eugenics, an hereditary scientific aristocracy of the intellect would be created, which would govern society in accordance with scientific principles. We must return to the spirit of universal inquiry of the Renaissance, and from among the brilliant scientific minds which would spring up in this new atmosphere a few would be selected to form an institute for the study of man. "Modern society" he concludes, would thus

> be given an intellectual focus, an immortal brain, capable of conceiving and planning its future. . . . Such an organization would be the salvation of the white races in their staggering advance toward civilization. This thinking center would consist, as does the Supreme Court of the United States, of a few individuals; the latter being trained in the knowledge of man by many years of study. It should perpetuate itself automatically, in such a manner as to radiate ever young ideas. Democratic rulers, as well as dictators, could receive from this source of scientific truth the information that they need in order to develop a civilization really suitable to man. . . .

After reading this and similar passages one wonders how well Dr. Carrel knows the categories of men mentioned in his preface, and whether he does not overestimate the capabilities of his own colleagues in science—one also wonders whether men who have spent their lives in the sheltered walls of scientific institutions could ever be entrusted with the destiny of our social order.

Dr. John F. Fulton is Sterling Professor of Physiology at Yale.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Granules from an Hourglass

I HAD a notion, about this equinox, to compile another of the Bowling Green's occasional News Reels; but so many deplorable things are happening I haven't sufficient cynicism to record them systematically. &&& Walking up Sixth Avenue I saw a portent in the sky: an airplane writing in white letters on blue afternoon the mystic word IJFO. I guessed there was more of it, but this was all I could see; I wondered vaguely what rune of omen might IJFO be; perhaps, I brooded, some new tooth-cleaning stuff; the world having in the past generation, with furious outcries and concurrent alleluia of decibels and kilocycles, looped one huge social circuit: from tooth-powder to tooth-paste and back to powder again. &&& My curiosity was only faint, but I asked a colored shoeshiner what was IJFO; he knew at once, I. J. Fox, a furrier. &&& Autumn is the best of seasons, the time for thinking, the September weeks when the world's most alert creature (the spider) is at his activest. &&& It is the season when underbrush rustles, dogs bark, the dogwood tree whelps in red berries, students buy new notebooks and pens dip deep. &&& There are some fantasies or fetiches that will never be blasted from the credulous American heart: for instance that all Englishmen are well dressed. &&& For years I read with amazement the advertisements of New York clothing stores: here's one in last week's *New Yorker* talking about "the impeccable tailoring of the stalwart British male." &&& I met a happy man, a collector of match-folders; he has 50,000 of them in albums with no duplicates; but he was very envious when I told him I had seen one imprinted THE DEANERY, BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, which is not in his collection. &&& The only collection I ever seriously thought of starting was cross-sections of ships; or indeed any kind of ship-posters. &&& There was a handsome poster of the *Transylvania* by Kenneth Shoesmith; I wonder if the Anchor Line has any more of them? &&& But life is too large and various to do specialized collecting, except Memories, which are hard to get at when you need them. &&& The only Memories that occur to me at the moment are hot biscuits and chicken gravy in Iowa; or the first time I went through the self-opening doors at Penn Station. &&& Hurrying for a train, carrying a heavy bag, leaning forward for a swinking shove—and almost fell flat. &&& As good a summary of aesthetics as one is likely to find was the old answer to the still older question How Long Is a Piece of String? &&& The answer was (and still is), Twice as long as the distance from the middle to either end. &&& Speaking of which, the several who have written of their pleasure in Rouse Ball's *Mathematical Recreations and Essays* (Macmillan) will be glad to hear that there is another book of his, *String Figures*, published by Hale, Cushman & Flint in Boston. &&& Is the passion for autobiography by writers still fairly young, very evident in the past few years, due to some deep (conscious or latent) nostalgia, dissatisfaction, disappointment? a compensating flight into the only tract we are master of, the Past? &&& And if so, why not? &&& An Italian stonemason built a chimney for me. Instead of making it just good plain brick he prided himself on sticking in bits of white rock here and there, in a deplorable deliberate raisin-bread pattern. &&& But he was so happy about it, I could not bear to dissuade him. Every one of those white quartzes mortared in was to him a personal triumph over the arduous and obstinate indifference of brute matter. &&& It is useless to try to educate people out of the theologies and aesthetics appropriate to them; you can only try to reinterpret their feelings into some private satisfaction of your own. &&& In a book catalogue from New Orleans (The Pelican Gallery) I found listed an old Dutch book about the Mississippi Bubble; part of its title, even if you only guess at the Netherlands lingo, is pleasantly appropriate to some of our present politics:—*De opkomst, voortgang en ondergang der Bubbel en Windnegotie.* &&& A good many who are worried by Bubbel and Windnegotie are talking about buying farms in Vermont. Such would enjoy the *Post Boy*, a description of Southern Vermont houses and acreages for sale. It was sent me by the talented printer Vrest Orton (Weston, Vt.). &&& Always combing the wind for straws, gossamers, floating silks of seminality, I find that at Commonwealth College (Mena, Arkansas) the course in Creative Writing begins with "a brief resumé of literary criteria extending from before Plato, through St. Beuve and Taine, up through Granville Hicks." &&& Commonwealth College is a "non-factional labor school" whose courses "are taught from a point of view partisan to the working class." I have long read its fortnightly paper with interest and sympathy. &&& Everyone, I think, should read regularly one or two papers and magazines which are far-away, obscure, or as different as possible from his usual fodder, just to encourage Notions. This week, feeling specially dubious about things in general, I have read *The Commonweal*, *The Friends Intelligencer*, *The Nautical Gazette*, *Variety*, and a very interesting pamphlet (kindly sent by Professor Frank Monaghan) on *French Exiles of 1793 in Northern Pennsylvania* (by Elsie Murray; Franco-American Pamphlet Series). &&& A French exile called Fifi, who works in a bookshop, told me

(*Continued on page* 14)

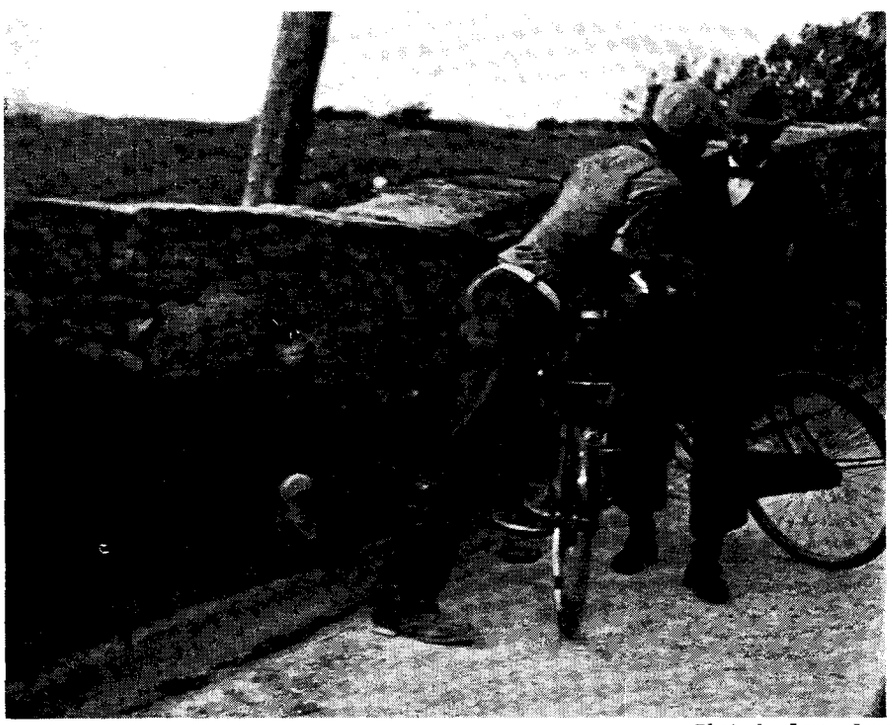
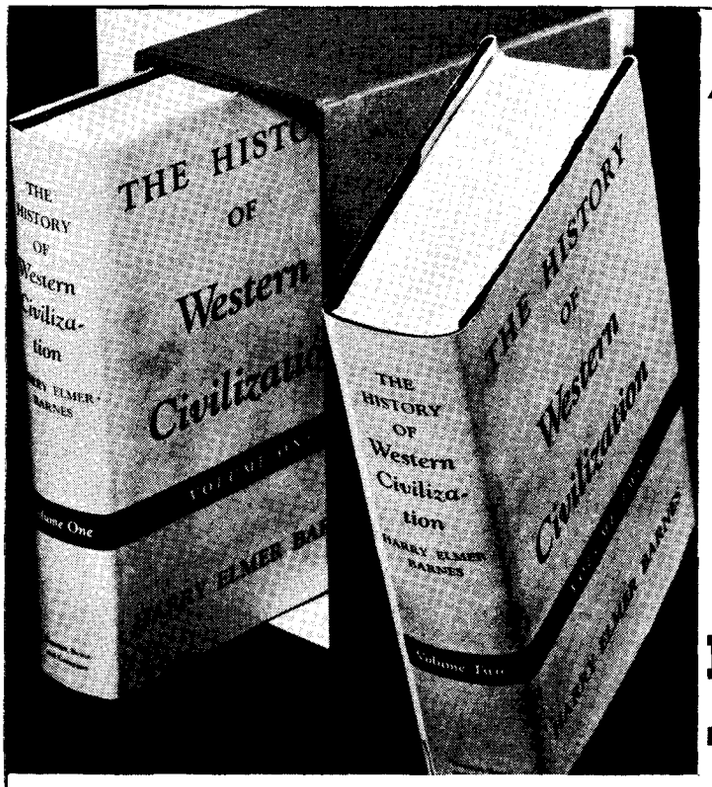


Photo by Larry June

BERMUDA FEET

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Incontestably the masterpiece of the New History,"

writes the eminent authority of Cornell University, Dr. Preserved Smith. "You have made the whole history of mankind as readable as a novel or a newspaper. Not even H. G. Wells's great history held my attention as does yours . . . . . The intelligence, clear sight, and common sense with which you discuss all the most pressing problems of contemporary civilization make your book the best guide to the world we live in that I have yet seen."

Harry Elmer Barnes's THE HISTORY OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION

WITH THE COLLABORATION OF HENRY DAVID

"History is the COMPLETE record of man's development on earth." That is the creed of the New History, of which this work is a supreme example. It treats fully of the progress of knowledge, culture, economic life, artistic achievements, and institutions, as well as of wars, political intrigues, anecdotes. It is THE history of western man, a book in which, for the first time, a single author has told the whole story of man's development in a manner that not only has aroused the enthusiasm of historians and specialists, but also brings to the general reader a profound interpretation in a live and brilliant narrative style.

THE FIRST REVIEWS OF THIS BRILLIANT BOOK

N. Y. TIMES: These two massive volumes represent both an impressive individual *tour de force* and an unusual range of scholarly cooperation...To say of a work that it is "monumental" or "provocative" is to use trite expressions, but no others seem to indicate so well the outstanding characteristics of Dr. Barnes's work . . . His aim has apparently been to reinforce knowledge in its task of overcoming the "cultural lag" which he sees clogging our present life and thought and darkening the immediate outlook of Western civilization with gloom. To the accomplishment of that task he is certainly to be credited with a contribution of high quality and exceptional interest.

MAX LERNER, N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE: There is immense richness in the topics discussed... After the first hundred pages you will find not only a history of Western civilization, but pretty nearly a complete textbook of the social sciences...His book is the most ambitious and important transitional product we have had.

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON, SATURDAY REVIEW: So far as the reviewer is aware there is no work superior or indeed equal to that in hand as an introduction to civilization as now understood and to the possibilities of future research.

THE HISTORY OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION has been prepared as carefully as an encyclopedia or dictionary. Dr. Barnes has submitted the manuscript, or portions of it, to sixty-one eminent specialists, all of whom have contributed critical advice affecting the text. In addition to the 1,200,000 words of text, the two volumes contain 64 pages of illustrations and over 50 maps.

$10.00 the set, boxed

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., 383 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"There has been no finer writing than this in years."
—*Mark Van Doren, N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"A rare unclassifiable book that somehow touches the secret of a continent."
—*John Chamberlain, N. Y. Times.*

Singing in the Wilderness

A SALUTE TO JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

By DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

"A glowing tribute . . . a fine and stirring and singularly lovely book, this, a book to warm the hearts of the people who know what it is about, which does not include everybody, more's the pity."—*Herschel Brickell, N. Y. Post.*

"Brings alive John James Audubon as biographies ten times its size and fifty times its detail fail to do. It is the spiritual reality of Audubon, of all men who really love nature, that Donald Peattie has distilled in his 'salute.' And in that distilling he has recounted a true love story which for tenderness and strength and beauty is as rare in literature as it is in love."
—*Chicago Tribune.*

$2.50

Now In Its 2nd Large Printing

AN ALMANAC FOR MODERNS

By Donald Culross Peattie

"If you do not already know 'An Almanac for Moderns'—one of the finest books of our time—this is a good time to become acquainted with it; it will make life richer and better for you."—*Herschel Brickell, N. Y. Post.*

Illustrated $3.00 at all bookstores

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

(*Continued from page 12*)

that though her girlhood home was only 15 miles from Carcassonne, she never saw it. &&& There are undoubtedly Carcassonnes right around the corner, say in 46th Street, that I've never visited.

"French Asylum"

The Green printed (Sept. 7) a picture of the "Queen's House" at French Asylum, Pa., but by the exigencies of make-up the Old Mandarin's allusion, which would have explained it, got chopped off. Here it is then, from what printers inelegantly term "overmatter." The Old Mandarin was speaking:—

At Walton we turned away from arterial routes. From here all the way to Ithaca, perhaps a hundred miles, we pursued roads of less renown but mostly smooth and lonely. A word in honor of Number 206, for instance, and 218, and 41. In the enriching light of afternoon we made regrettably good time across those hills and valleys, wondering if Upstate has painters to do what Grant Wood has done for Iowa. From red barns came a cool gust of dung and hay as we whirred by. Goldenrod in the pasture, tall sunflowers by the woodshed, buckwheat fields a shimmer of silver on the upland; and among underbrush the sumac tipped with blood; as the poet said, "Where wounded summer crept away to die." We passed rivers whose names are music: Susquehanna, Unadilla, Chenango. At every cattle pass the cows were gathered at the fence waiting to be milked; patient as poets in the anteroom of a publisher. . . .

But I weary you. On a splendid (but too much travelled) road through the Alleghenies perhaps I was most pleased by a quixotic gesture of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. A sign at the top of a mountain brings you to a halt with the words VIEW FRENCH AZILIUM. Some kind of flowers you suppose; but a more scholarly tablet explains that you see from here the site of "French Asylum," a village laid out in 1793 by French royalists as a projected refuge for Queen Marie Antoinette. Up from the valley comes a mournful howl, and here, beside the road and the triumph of gasoline and rubber tire, you read a heroic notice, uttered by another aristocrat in distress. "Below is the main line of the L. V. R.R. which has served the public since 1865. De Luxe Black Diamond train passes this point going East at 2:11 p.m., West at 5:03 p.m."

I rather wished we might have waited to look down and see the good old Black Diamond rumble by.

It was dusk and drizzly as we came through Pocono, seeking shelter. A huge place called a Nutrition Center, dedicated to scientific diet, looked like good housing. Those of us in the back seat, wet and hungry, suggested pause. "Nothing doing," said our driver. "They'd never give us a drink in a place like that."

U. S. A., Incorporated

(*Continued from page 4*)

more losses than profits in the next few years, this means more "government" in business coming by "default." Second, a method by which Congress can legislate for economic controls without the present constitutional handicaps, avoiding extreme centralization but recognizing regions. Third, bringing control of money and credit into the division of public business.

Now this is an argument which demands an answer; for Mr. Chase is not here developing a theory, but marshalling and collecting facts. I do not see that the argument can be answered; and I do not think his conclusion is frightening. It probably lets us out of the most dangerous phase in a shift in economic emphasis — the so-called revolutionary phase. Reverting to the climax which I suggested at the beginning of this essay, you would expect to have it come by a sudden acceleration of what Stuart Chase calls "collectivism by default"; and I myself should expect that speeding up to be made likelier because of the tremendous emphasis on liquidity—a theory of mine which Mr. Chase has been courteous enough to expound at some length in his book. In a nutshell, the converging lines are demanded by many little people for economic security; and a rush for government assistance by an impressive number of big people when the private system fails to see them safely through, as it does every once in so often. Especially, I like the idea that this happens not as a matter of tremendous theory, with a maximum of blueprint of what everybody ought to like behind it, but as a matter of meeting situations; the combination of solutions falling into a more or less ordered pattern.

Still more I like Mr. Chase's frank recognition that there will always be a zone —and no small zone at that—for true private initiative — the initiative which tends to expand civilization rather than that which tends merely to exploit it.

And I share his faith that democratic government is still as capable as any other form to handle the problem. Precisely here, it seems to me, is the great point at issue. Dictatorship, either fascist or communist, is likely not to recognize that zone of private initiative, which takes in free speech, free literature, free art, free music, as well as new commercial and engineering processes. Democracy, on the other hand, may sacrifice something in technical efficiency as it expands its area of operations; but the losses would be more than made up in the freedom to advance the art of civilization and the still greater art of living.

A. A. Berle, Jr., one of President Roosevelt's original "brain trust," is now City Chamberlain of New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Instantaneous Sensation

EUROPA

a novel by

Robert Briffault

"A knockout . . . for sheer entertainment it tops the season."
HARRY HANSEN in *The N. Y. World Telegram*

"Magnificently absorbing reading." JOHN CHAMBERLAIN in *The N. Y. Times*

"Not a dull line in its 501 pages. . . . An amazing and brilliant book."
FANNY BUTCHER in *The Chicago Tribune*

"A magnificent book . . . head and shoulders over most of the novels of the present day . . . it must find its way to all seekers of really important books."
DOROTHY THOMPSON in *The New York Herald Tribune*

$2.75

Notable New Fiction

Chance Has a Whip
by **Raymond Holden**

The story of a sensitive man's efforts to cope with the moral, industrial, and emotional difficulties in a changing world. A novel of modern American home and business life—frank, penetrating, and fearless in its treatment of present-day problems. $2.50

King Coffin
by **Conrad Aiken**
author of "Great Circle," etc.

Jasper Ammen plotted the perfect crime—"pure motiveless murder"—as his supreme gesture of contempt for mankind. His story is both a thrilling narrative and an amazing adventure in the dark depths of the human soul. $2.50

They Lived
A Brontë Novel
by **E. T. Cook**

A fictional re-creation, factually accurate, of the lives of the Brontë sisters — who truly *lived* a novel. *Illustrated.* $2.00

A Modern Comedy
by **John Galsworthy**

Three full-length novels now available in the same handsome format as "The Forsyte Saga" and "End of the Chapter."
889 *pages.* $3.00

At all bookstores **SCRIBNERS** *At all bookstores*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWO HELLIONS

"A good book about a wicked Queen and her reign of blood." —*N. Y. Post*

The Life and Times of

CATHERINE DE' MEDICI

By FRANCIS WATSON

"It is in good taste without dodging any issues that have to be faced." *Herschel Brickell, in the N. Y. Evening Post.* Illus. $3.00

APPLETON-CENTURY

"Career of a sluttish gal, elaborately and lavishly depicted." —*N. Y. American*

The Scandal of

SOPHIE DAWES

By MARJORIE BOWEN

A true biography. "Highly informative, brilliantly written, worthy of a place beside 'The Viper of Milan' and 'General Crack.'" —*N. Y. Sun.* $2.50

APPLETON-CENTURY

Lafayette COMES TO *America*

By LOUIS GOTTSCHALK

Contemporary sources destroy the "boy wonder" legend, and reveal a new Lafayette. "Wholly admirable."—*Times Book Review.*

($2; postpaid, $2.10)

The University of Chicago Press

MARK TWAIN'S MARGINS on THACKERAY'S "SWIFT"

by COLEY B. TAYLOR

"A brief but interesting little document, very pleasantly written."—Isabel Paterson in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

". . . the first part of this monograph recaptures the incredulous interest that the great man aroused in his new neighbors."—John Chamberlain in the *N. Y. Times.*

"A collector's item."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Edition limited to 950 copies $2.00

Gotham House, 158 West 11th Street, New York

The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

T. S. *Eliot's* "Murder in the Cathedral" (Harcourt, Brace) is to be reviewed by another hand, and "Invisible Landscapes," by *Edgar Lee Masters* (Macmillan), and "A Spectacle for Scholars," by *Winifred Welles* (Viking), are not released for review until early next week. Of the books before me *Louis Untermeyer's* "Selected Poems and Parodies" (Harcourt, Brace) is one of the most important. In it I have found a great deal of enjoyment, familiar though I have been for many years with many of the poems included. This poet and myself are almost exact contemporaries. Twenty years ago I first read his most-anthologized poem, "Caliban in the Coal Mines." As a young sub-editor on the *Century Magazine* I had the pleasure of recommending for acceptance many of his poems. About that time I also saw his first small book of parodies, "The Younger Quire," dedicated to B. Russell Herts, a literary impresario of those days.

Perhaps therefore I should really turn his book over to the tender mercies of the boys of the new age. For Mr. Untermeyer, like myself, ranged the battle-front of his own time, and I am now informed that the war has moved on to a different territory. Certainly I am aware that the speech of the young men is different, in fact at times quite unintelligible. They would probably regard the clarity of Mr. Untermeyer with a considerably jaundiced eye. Yet I, for one, cherish that clarity. So I shall try to review his book myself. And in doing so I am not going to begin in the usual way and say that Mr. Untermeyer has performed a great service for American poetry in the last twenty years or so in editing all his numerous anthologies. That is unarguable. But in certain minds it tends to overshadow his creative ability.

In the first place, here is a man who has always respected the craft of verse as it was understood during the past quarter of a century. He learned how to write verse from the practice, and at the beginning, according to the precepts, of those who had gone before; and, during the first stage of experiment that followed, he assimilated a great deal more. So much on the purely technical side. But from the first he cherished his own beliefs, both vigorous and brave; and came to us first, after a certain amount of prentice work, with that challenging attitude that begot the title of his first book. If to be alive in those days—and he was alive in every fibre—was not (as a great romantic poet expressed it concerning his own youth) "very heaven"—it was still a great time—just as today is, no doubt, a great time for the young poets of today. The social injustices of that time were strongly felt by this poet. Thank God we did not then face so strange and dark an aftermath, such a shadow as now rests on Europe, such a turning back of the clock. But, though we did not know it then, though, indeed, it seemed inconceivable, we faced a great European War, a holocaust of youth, a widespread destruction that was to breed the nightmares of the present.

Through observation of a changing world, which sometimes seems to change only for the worse (or am I indeed too old?), through tragic experience of life, by reason of many strains and stresses, there was increased in this poet a fine irony, the Heine element that had, indeed, always existed in him.

And here, entombed in steel and glass, I see
The row of (are they dead) men facing me,
Reading their morning murder gratefully.

There was no less, and had been from the beginning, a true, clear, lyrical voice. As I turn these pages I can see on certain ones, in certain poems, the influence of others. He who could so cleverly analyze the poems of others and parody their styles so well, as is shown in the latter portion of this book, has not always escaped fusing the manner of others quite unconsciously with his own. This is the fault of what we call facility. But usually a music is heard that has waited his own particular touch, and often quite clearly he shows, as in this verse from his own poem about Heine,

How quickly the heroic mood
Responds to its own ringing;
The scornful heart, the doubtful blood
Leap upward, singing!

Today I prefer his later poems, that go deepest into personal experience—"The Dark Chamber."

These will remain, these will go searching
Your veins for life when the flame of life smolders:
The night that you two saw the mountains marching
Up against dawn with the stars on their shoulders.

"Unreasoning Heart" (with its excellent use of assonance), "One Voice," "Waters of Babylon," "The Woodpecker," "Let the Pulse Speak," such things as these.

Latterly this poet has lived much in the country, on an upland farm, and the fine observation of natural things in "By 'Stony Water,'" "Return to Birds," "Bird as Prophet," and a number of others, finds often most arresting phrase. Mr. Untermeyer is enormously clever at rhyme, occasionally too clever—one's admiration for his ingenuity gets in the way of one's appreciation of what he is saying. But that is not often so.

One thing I exult in. Here is a man who is not too entangled in the sophistries of the schools to say precisely what he means in the most accurately chosen words of which he is capable; and not muddle syntax or wield a warped rhetoric. As to his parodies, I leave you to enjoy them. He is the best parodist of poetry in America in our time.

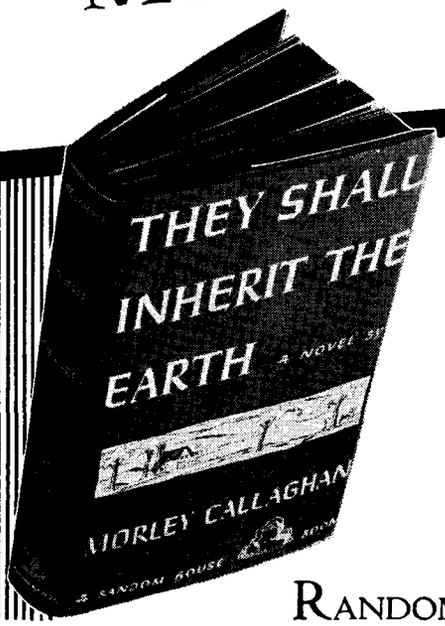
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUST PUBLISHED

THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH

•

MORLEY CALLAGHAN



MORLEY CALLAGHAN'S new novel is his longest and most ambitious work and is the first new novel that Random House has published in the eight years of its existence. ★ ★ ★ ★ It is "the absorbing story of a middle-aged father's attempt to come into close touch and affection with his grown son."—HEYWOOD BROUN, in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

337 Pages, $2.50

RANDOM HOUSE, 20 East 57 Street, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I have rarely read as good a description"

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

The entrancing, pathetic story of George Greyhawk, full-blooded Chippewa Indian, who fell in love with the pretty, city-bred information clerk in a great New York department store, and tried to woo her with the poetic remnants of his Indian knowledge. At all bookstores, $2.

SARAH ATHERTON'S

BRASS EAGLES

LIPPINCOTT

"Catholic literature . . . admirably presented by Father Alexander in a book which is worth every cent of its price. . . ."
—N. Y. Times Book Review.

CATHOLIC LITERARY REVIVAL

By Calvert Alexander, S.J.

Written with ease, charm, and penetration, this appraisal of Catholic literature directs attention to the important men of letters who from the middle of the nineteenth century until the present day have made significant contributions to Catholic literature. Special emphasis is placed on the works produced by writers of the post-war era. $2.50

At your book store, or direct from

BRUCE-MILWAUKEE

SHERLOCK HOLMES

By William Gillette

A Play. With notes by Vincent Starrett and Frederic Dorr Steele—a must item for Holmes enthusiasts. $2.00

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

BOOKSELLERS: THE SILVER SALVER SELLS BOOKS AS WELL AS THE SRL. IT COSTS ONLY 75 CENTS, POSTPAID. ORDER FROM BOOKSTORE DEPT., THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 W. 45TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

A Historical Scenario

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CATHERINE DE MEDICI. By Francis Watson. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

"OUR view of France under Catherine de Medici," writes Mr. Watson, "is a confusion of lurid detail, a succession of close-ups, a film with vivid shots but a thin plot." Such a confession should disarm criticism, although it does leave one wondering why anyone who could make no more sense of the period should have offered as a "Life and Times" a work so cinematographically conceived. It is true that some of the memoirists and pamphleteers of the sixteenth century lend themselves readily to what might be called the De Mille conception of history: ballets, boudoirs, baths, and blood. The Renaissance liked its sensationalism hot and strong, so that an indiscriminate sampling of the pages that catered in that day to the taste now satisfied by our relatively decorous "tabs" does result in a confusion of details sufficiently lurid. It would be wronging Mr. Watson to suggest that he makes the most of this material; he only hints at some of the nastiest stories and he is full of apologies for the impropriety of the people about whom he feels impelled to write.

Since the description "a succession of close-ups, and vivid shots" does not exclude serious distortion it may perhaps be granted. No one acquainted with history is likely to read as far as page 194, so no one is likely to be surprised to learn that the assassination of Gaspard Coligny was determined on in 1560, or to be disturbed by the treatment of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's as entirely Catherine's idea. Some of the errors in this book are due to pure ignorance, as when the author confuses cordwainers with rope makers or Anne with Mary Boleyn, but most of them may be attributed to a Mulvaney-like unwillingness "to spoil a good story by not telling it." It would be supererogatory to list them in detail. The real complaint is the thinness of the plot. The only significant or well documented part of Catherine's life was that thirty years of unremitting effort during which she sought by a patient, tortuous diplomacy which, in spite of the painful weakness of her position and the limitations of her own character, not infrequently succeeded to preserve, in the midst of an appalling social convulsion, the power of the French crown for her worthless sons.

But that story is tremendously complicated; it would take considerable intellectual power to understand and arrange. This book prefers to devote more than half its modest length to the years before 1559 when Catherine's power began, and pads the inadequate skeleton of biography with irrelevant episodes from the standard histories, chatty discursions on art, architecture, and *ceintures de chasteté*, and bits of dubious gossip from Brantôme. Since this sort of commentary also bulks large in the last hundred pages there is naturally no time for any explanation of the Holy League or analysis of the contending parties; and the religious wars are telescoped by a head-on collision with the author's indifference.

After all, this book with its standard mixture of court pageantry, court scandal, and art criticism at the tourist level is not different from many others which have helped get sixteenth century studies into bad odor with critical moderns.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE THREE COFFINS *John Dickson Carr* (Harpers: $2.)	Murders of London "illusionist" and dabbler in magic reveal Dr. Fell's knowledge of vampires and the black arts.	Imposingly transparent solution of "impossible" crime involves almost too many "traps"—but takes the cake for creeps.	Class A
MERELY MURDER *Georgette Heyer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Arnold Vereker (nobody loved him) found quaintly slain. Debonaire detectives and callous kin wisecrack way to killer.	Much uncommonly good dialogue, an almost too gentlemanly sleuth, and a guessable but unconvincing end.	Diverting
MURDER ON THE WAY *Theodore Roscoe* (Dodge: $2.)	Fortune in Haiti lures heiress and lover to eerie chateau where everybody starts killing everybody else.	After ten brutal murders and a burial-alive there's a *caco* insurrection for good measure.	Super-something
THE STUFFED MEN *Anthony Rud* (Macaulay: $2.)	They choked to death, they did, on a Hideous Fungus, but Jigger Masters he foiled the Villains!	Holocaust of Horror in Hempstead, Long Island, with Noseless Monsters spouting Gray Death.	Tripe

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Belles Lettres

DON QUIXOTE: An Introductory Essay on Psychology. By Salvador de Madariaga. Oxford University Press. 1935. $2.50.

There are some books that should be reviewed either in a lengthy essay or by a brief note intended to stir the right readers to find out the contents for themselves. Such a book is Madariaga's essay on Don Quixote. There is no question that he actually has something to say. The theme of his study is based upon Cervantes's remark that he had become the stepfather of Don Quixote, in other words, that Don Quixote had taken on a life of his own which sometimes was out of the control and even out of the sympathy of his author. Madariaga feels that the struggle in the book is not so much between an outworn chivalry and a sane realism, as between the idealism of Don Quixote and the materialism of Sancho Panza. Thus he explains the impatient and brutal mishandling of Don Quixote, which must puzzle many readers who see without understanding a certain resentment in the author against his own creation. Thus he explains the tragic decline of Don Quixote who surrenders his idealism with his fantasies. Madariaga has made no attempt to discuss every aspect of this great book. He has rather desired to show why it continues to have psychological vitality when so many other character studies of the Renaissance are long since dead. What he has to say is by no means the whole explanation of "Don Quixote," but it is certainly an explanation, and one reader, at least, who has just completed a second perusal, feels that there is justice in Madariaga's definition of the book as a work of art which sometimes goes beyond the conscious knowledge of its author.

H. S. C.

Fiction

JAKE. By Naomi Royde Smith. Macmillan. 1935. $2.50.

Miss Royde Smith's talent for communicating the subtle beauty and excitement of little things appears to advantage in her new novel. Her humor relieves the tension of this excitement and blows cool in unexpected and gratifying gusts. Both qualities added to a very intelligent interest in the varieties and inconsistencies of human nature cause the reader to follow with pleasure the story of young Jake Moore, greatest violinist of his age, his guardian, his mother, his first teacher, and certain predatory women. And he will not easily forget the author's skill in suggesting emotional undercurrents in many scenes. Most romantic, but restrained and moving, are the hours spent by the two prodigies, Jake and little Allie, mathematical genius and his worshipper, in a Swiss shepherd's hut, in the dark of the moon, drawing a map of the heavens. Throughout, the décor of the tale is romantic, the music colony Mildensee, musical Paris, alpine meadows. But these qualities do not follow the author either in her conception of the novel as a whole or in the several scenes of great emotional disturbance. The musical triumphs of Jake, for instance, are breathlessly, gaspingly, described; the physiological effect upon the intent reader irritates him because the excellence of the book lies in its delicate and humorous perceptions.

E. C. W.

A PREFACE TO MATURITY. By Jule Brousseau. Crowell. 1935. $2.50.

Surely no young woman ever went through the torment of self-orientation and self-integration with more dismal seriousness than Theodora Menninger, Mrs. Brousseau's protagonist in her first novel. Much of this seriousness carries over into the conception and the execution of her novel, with the result that its purposiveness is vitiated, with, at times, a humor that is as pathetic as it is unintended. This grimness, this essential humorlessness coupled with a desperate determination on the part of the author to see things straight and set them down honestly, makes it possible for her to write such sentences as: "But in the days and nights that followed it seemed to her that a mouth had opened, deep down beneath her spine"; or, in Theodora's first passionate encounter, permit so completely false a speech as this: "She was shaken. 'You—! Oh, I am virgin,' she stammered. 'You *invade* me, Alec!'"

The child of a woman who had married a man she always felt was superior to herself, and hence despised, Theodora suffered through her childhood and adolescence with a sense of separation, "apartness." She witnessed her father's disintegration by way of alcohol, and his suicide; she witnessed her mother's belated self-assertion, how she lifted herself by sheer determination into a wide success in the world of business; she broke with her mother when she learned finally what the effort had done to her —made her hard, ruthless, an exploiter of her fellow-man. But her own integration was even more difficult to come by, and she had two romantic episodes

"Celebrities OFF PARADE"
By WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT
$2.75
Intimate Moments with 35 World Figures
•
A quick survey of vast changes and great events that have taken place on both sides of the Atlantic in the last four decades.
Not only history and biography, but privileged insight into the characters and foibles of men and women prominent in world affairs: King Victor Emmanuel, Cardinal Mercier, Henry James, Eugene Field, Mary Baker Eddy, Theodore Roosevelt, Henry P. Davison, Mark Twain, Pope Pius XI and a host of others.
What biographers have overlooked or do not know, Mr. Orcutt, out of personal contact and acquaintance, presents in revealing abundance.
Celebrities Off Parade is personally designed by the author, one of the world's master bookmakers. 35 portrait etchings, one of each celebrity, by Dwight C. Sturges.
A limited signed edition, only 278 copies, on handmade paper, boxed, $10.00.
Order today at your bookseller
WILLETT, CLARK & CO.
CHICAGO • NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to assist her: one with a young man who was really looking for a mother; one with a man to whom she could respond physically—but he was looking for love. Both helped her one step further toward the sense of union she had searched for all her conscious life, but which she had not yet achieved when this portion of her story closes.

Mrs. Brousseau possesses considerable sensitivity to the minutiæ of human relationships, and at times she can write with lucidity and charm. But her first fictional effort can justifiably be saddled with the very defects with which she stigmatizes Theodora Menninger. It is introspective to a depressing degree and achieves little depth; it has moments of abandonment to a specious sort of romantic mystical philosophy; it is so earnest it is painful.

A. C. B.

THE BLACK SWAN. By Ann Strawbridge. Coward-McCann. 1935. $2.

Disciples of Dorothy Dix should approve of this story. The heroine, repulsed in youthful love and advised by a gay aunt that women who find true love are as rare as black swans, pursues a brilliant social career with a cold, unsusceptible heart, makes the conventional marriage, has children, finds life empty, then is suddenly overwhelmed by a fascinating and sympathetic man separated from a Roman Catholic wife. The author, after arranging several tragic occurrences, including the husband's death, to shake her nerve, offers a knock-down solution: Be true to home and family and the love cherished in your secret heart will achieve spiritual perfection.

The advantage of being a disciple of Dorothy Dix is that one doesn't have to follow her advice. Miss Strawbridge's heroine has no such luck. One feels rather sorry for her. She is spirited, imaginative, green-eyed, and beautiful. One sympathizes with the doubts and longings that beset her under the cherry trees on her family estate. Surely, she would have had a better chance in real life?

D. P.

The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

YEARS ARE SO LONG. By Josephine Lawrence. *Stokes.*

THE NATIVE'S RETURN. By Louis Adamic. *Harpers.*

THE WESTWARD STAR. By Frank Ernest Hill. *Day.*

Germany and Italy

"Please send me a list of the very latest publications, with prices if possible, on the subjects of Germany and Italy," writes Mrs. E. C. T. of Fort Worth, Texas.

THERE is, of course, a large pamphlet literature on the fascist countries, and there are, too, numerous books upon them published in England and continental countries which have not been issued on this side of the water. Since Mrs. E. C. T. wishes a list for club purposes I take it she does not want works noted which are not easily accessible, so I am confining myself, in replying to her, to such volumes as can be procured in the United States without difficulty. I am, moreover, sticking to her stipulation of "the very latest publications" which seems to mean that nothing of large importance will be included. Of the books to be found several are prophecies rather than analyses. Such, for instance, is the booklet by V. McKenzie, WAR IN EUROPE, *1940?* (University of Seattle: 25 cents), so, too, is H. von Lowenstein-Scharffeneck's AFTER GERMANY'S FALL (Macmillan: $3.50). Official Germany comes under discussion in F. L. Schuman's THE CONDUCT OF GERMAN FOREIGN AFFAIRS (American Academy of Political and Social Science: $2.50). There's a historical study, by L. L. Snyder, entitled FROM BISMARCK TO HITLER (Bayard), a little brochure by M. S. Wertheimer, put out by the Foreign Policy Association, called GERMANY UNDER HITLER (25 cents), and another small work which may interest E. C. T., JEWS IN NAZI GERMANY (American Jewish Committee, 70 Madison Avenue, New York City: 60 cents). FASCISM AND CITIZENSHIP (University of North Carolina Press: $1), by G. Norlin; FATHERLAND (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.50), by K. Billinger, P. F. Douglass's GOD AMONG THE GERMANS (University of Pennsylvania Press: $3) and H. Levy's INDUSTRIAL GERMANY (Macmillan: $3.50) are all recent books that should prove revealing. Two personal narratives, the one reflecting the experiences of youth in Nazi Germany, and the other recounting the bitter experiences of one of its victims, should be of interest to Mrs. E. C. T. These are RESTLESS DAYS (Knopf: $3), by Lilo Linke; and I WAS HITLER'S PRISONER (Putnam: $2.75), by S. Lorant. E. T. Colton's FOUR PATTERNS OF REVOLUTION (Association Press: $2.50) is a double-barreled volume for Mrs. E. C. T.'s purposes for it takes up both Germany and Italy. On the latter country there has been less written in recent months than on the former, though the Ethiopian situation has already called forth several volumes on Abyssinia and so indirectly on Italian foreign affairs. There is, however, to be published on October 17 a book which ought to be just the sort for which Mrs. E. C. T. is looking,—MUSSOLINI'S ITALY (Holt: $3.75), by Herman Finer.

Horace After 2000 Years

"The Horatian bimillenium, bimillenial, or bimillenary (the last seems so suggestive of hats) has stirred again my interest in Horace whose writings I taught in a women's college a good many years ago," writes I. M. H. of Ottumwa, Iowa. *Is there anything recently published about him? The latest book that I have is E. K. Rand's 'A Walk to Horace's Farm.'"*

That, I think, is the latest study of importance on the poet. In 1928, Tenney Frank, one of the best Horatian scholars in the country, brought out an interesting volume which I. M. H. may not have seen, entitled CATULLUS AND HORACE—TWO POETS IN THEIR ENVIRONMENT (Holt), and in 1922 Grant Showerman issued HORACE AND HIS INFLUENCE (Longmans, Green). Edith Hamilton's delightful THE ROMAN WAY (Norton) devotes some twenty pages to the poet, illuminating pages which, instead of presenting translations from Horace to illustrate their points, give verses from English poets in the same mood and manner, and Quiller-Couch's STUDIES IN LITERATURE. FIRST SERIES (Putnam) gives over pages 51-75 to the poet. I take it for granted that I. M. H. knows Sellar's HORACE AND THE ELEGIAC POETS (Oxford University Press). The essay on Horace in that volume

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
COUNTRY HOLIDAY *Frances Woodhouse* (Putnam: $2.)	Novel	Wise and young English medico comes to grips with country ozone and loves it. The pay-off: Contentment.	Wholesome
GRINGO GUNS *Peter Field* (Morrow: $2.)	Western	Pat Stevens, Powder Valley gent, and a couple of buddies on the scent for Mexican bandits. The bandits lose.	44 caliber
WE WALK ALONE *Harriet Henry* (Harpers: $2.)	Novel	Married pair hire chaste femme to keep wifey on the straight and narrow. Wifey can't take it—and what follows is plenty!	O.K.
REGARDS TO BROADWAY *Donald Henderson Clark* (Vanguard: $2.)	Novel	Pre-war Bohemians sin their way into the heavy dough and wind up with ideals.	Phony

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

originally appeared as the article on the poet in the Ninth edition of the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA. It has been replaced by another in later editions. It, together with articles by Macaulay and other famous writers, are the reason that I still keep the cumbersome volumes of my grandfather's encyclopdaedia on my shelves.

I. M. H. asks also about translations of Horace, saying that she is still using Field's ECHOES FROM A SABINE FARM. She knows, I suppose, the prose translations in the Loeb Library,—the ODES AND EPODES, translated by C. E. Bennett, and Fairclough's translation of the SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ARS POETICA.

One other inquiry I. M. H. made; for the titles of some works on cameos. Lippincott publishes M. Corelli's CAMEOS, and there is a volume entitled CAMEO PORTRAITURE IN AMERICA, by V. H. Chapin (published by the author). Three important works are the CATALOGUE OF THE ANTIQUE ENGRAVED GEMS AND CAMEOS OF THE THORVALDSEN MUSEUM and THE CATALOGUE OF THE ENGRAVED GEMS AND CAMEOS, GREEK, ETRUSCAN, AND ROMAN in the British Museum, with its second part covering THE POST-CLASSICAL PERIOD, all issued by the Oxford University Press.

The Holy Grail

Nathan C. Starr of Williams College *writes apropos of the request of* C. O. H. of Winston-Salem, N. C. *in regard to the Holy Grail:*

Your correspondent would find helpful information in the following books: G. H. Maynadier, THE ARTHUR OF THE ENGLISH POETS (Houghton Mifflin), gives an account of the Genoese "Holy Grail"; R. Jaffrey, KING ARTHUR AND THE HOLY GRAIL (Putnam); F. J. Snell, KING ARTHUR'S COUNTRY (Dent); R. S. Loomis, CELTIC MYTH AND ARTHURIAN ROMANCE (Columbia University Press); J. D. Bruce, THE EVOLUTION OF ARTHURIAN ROMANCE FROM THE BEGINNINGS DOWN TO THE YEAR 1300 (Johns Hopkins University Press).

This last has an extensive bibliography on the subject.

As to the present whereabouts of the Holy Grail—although for some years the Genoese regarded a green glass vessel in the sacristy of San Lorenzo as the Holy Grail—the most interesting recent theory is concerned with the now famous "Antioch Chalice." It was described, as I remember, in an article in *The Ladies' Home Journal* by Dr. Newbold, of the University of Pennsylvania. I haven't this article with me now, but believe it appeared six or seven years ago.

The "Antioch Chalice" was on exhibition at the "Century of Progress" Fair in Chicago. Alexander Woollcott discusses it in WHILE ROME BURNS.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 77)

WHITTIER—"PROEM TO HIS POEMS"

I love the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

ONE OF THE GREAT NOVELS OF OUR TIME

The Stars Look Down

By A. J. CRONIN

AUTHOR OF "HATTER'S CASTLE"

England has acclaimed this novel not only as Dr. Cronin's best but as one of the great novels of our time. The critics have not hesitated to bracket his name with the very great—Dickens, Tolstoy, Victor Hugo.

"The Stars Look Down" is one of those novels before which barriers of likes and dislikes crumble. We commend it without reservation to the entire American reading public and we predict for it as tremendous a success here as in England.

626 pages. 260,000 words. $2.50

THREE PRINTINGS, TOTALLING 35,000 COPIES, BEFORE PUBLICATION

Publishers LITTLE BROWN & CO., *Boston*

FIG TREE JOHN BY EDWIN CORLE

For readers who enjoyed
LAUGHING BOY and WAH-KOON-TAH
we recommend with enthusiasm
this unusual story
of a White River Apache
and his son

Written by the author of
the extraordinary "MOJAVE"

381 Pages—$2.00

LIVERIGHT

FOR SALE: Amazon Parrot, $17.50. Value $40. Tame, can talk. Box 601-A.

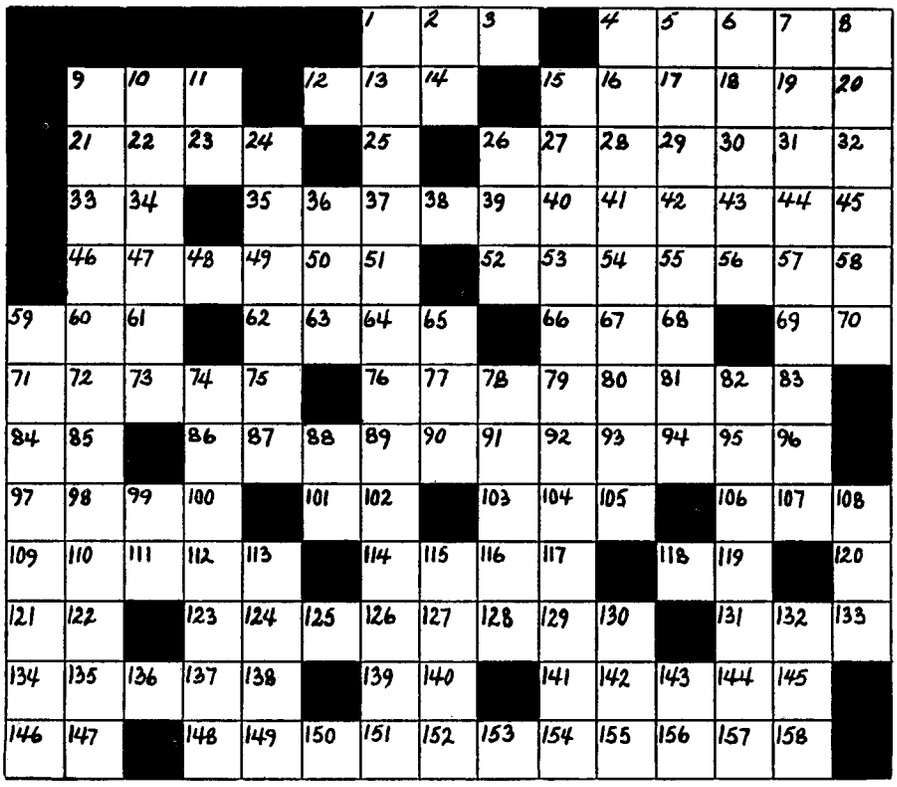
WANT TO BUY A PARROT?

You can't buy this one for a very good reason. It was advertised for sale in The Saturday Review's PERSONALS on August 3rd and quickly found a purchaser. But that's characteristic of these columns. Unlike the lilies of the field, the PERSONALS are always busy, and no wonder. Where else can you buy and sell everything from soup to sea lions for only seven cents a word? (See page 23 of this issue.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostics: No. 78

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-two words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. The Moslem Satan.

II. A favorite Athenian vase form.

III. Distinctive melodic phrase (Wagner).

IV. Monster mother of the Sphinx.

V. Novel (used disparagingly).

VI. Parisian street Arab ("Les Miserables").

VII. Sleight of hand.

VIII. To stop, check.

IX. A tenement district.

X. Made neat, smart, or tidy.

XI. Excessively.

XII. Blew unsteadily; vacillated.

XIII. An advance mounted sentinel.

XIV. Festival of Twelfth Night.

XV. Early American essayist and minister to Spain.

XVI. English college for women.

XVII. Frontier settlement.

XVIII. Free, untrammeled (Comp).

XIX. Anger.

XX. English poetess (1830-1894).

XXI. Position of ministration or service.

XXII. Fostered.

WORDS

___ ___ ___ ___ ___
54 92 157 81 75

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
18 68 35 158 120 104 115 96

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
150 134 59 66 24 140 88 70 46

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
6 113 121 93 148 119 25

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
82 4 11 85 44 37 61 72 15 114

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
128 135 5 63 102 109 58 122

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
145 52 83 78 7 97 20 65 86 153 147

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
131 152 28 108 116 38

___ ___ ___ ___
156 45 124 71

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
13 144 47 89 29 149 80

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
146 16 50 22 126 8

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
141 67 118 34 62 94 137 3

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
53 95 138 105 139 101 14

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
106 77 40 132 142 12 100 56

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
151 136 19 112 60 43

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
31 36 99 9 129 69 90

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
154 42 32 133 23 123 57

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
21 33 84 103 107 64 91 74 10

___ ___ ___
143 39 27

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
55 98 51 76 30 130 110 2

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
17 26 41 127 49 73

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
125 87 48 117 155 111 79 1

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

PRESENTING, ladies and gents, FOR ONE WEEK ONLY and for the first time in any rag *Silver & Salver* (adv), rapid-fire chatterers and trippers of the light fantastic extraordinaire, in a dazzling, sparkling and gabby drama, *Let's Trade Winds.* O. K. Professor, swing it!

SILVER: Well, Salver, old Querk has taken it on the lam again leaving his column as blank as an English gag. What'll we fill it with—book news, trade dope or just fill it?

SALVER: Why not talk about the Silver Salver, that unique merchandising . . .

SILVER: Hold it, my lad. We've got to cut out giving the SRL any more free advertising in this pillar. The break this time goes to publishers and bookstores.

SALVER: Exactly. The Silver Salver will help sell more books when properly displayed and . . .

SILVER: That's out, Salver. Old Querk will clip us both on the chin if we use his column to peddle that clever book and mag unit which sells for only 75c.

SALVER: I guess you're right. O.K. Let's stick to books. Wowie, here's something hot, Silver. Oxford University Press is publishing this week *Problems of Peace* and right on top of all this war talk too. Just watch the alert booksellers play it up with the war headlines.

SILVER: Now you're hitting, boy. That's the idea. Isn't it better than harping on the sales that would result if all bookshops were to use the Silver Salver and . . . ?

SALVER: Whoa, Jockey! Now you're muscling in on the Silver Salver twist. Remember—books this time and nothing else but. What do you think of Col. Theodore Roosevelt joining the Doubleday, Doran outfit? That's news for you.

SILVER: And here's some more: the Columbia Press has sold out the first printing of the *Columbia Encyclopedia* a month before pub. date—20,000 copies.

SALVER: The Fall list of new books strikes me as a great one. Bookshops should cash in on the *John Jay* biography by Frank Monaghan and published by Bobbs-Merrill. If there is anything the public goes for it is good biographies.

SILVER: You're right. I see where *Mary Queen of Scotland, Catherine, The Portrait of an Empress,* are still in the best selling class.

SALVER: And I can see where a line is going to form on the right for *Men and Brethren,* the new James Gould Cozzens novel. If it's anything like *The Last Adam* you better place your order in early.

SILVER: Well, we're shooting right down old Quercus's alley, talking about books. And while we're at it—let's hurl a flock of petunias to Arthur Kober. S. & S. is soon publishing his *Thunder Over the Bronx* and it's murder. Gambol with the Gross family in the Bronx and split a rib.

SALVER: I'll tell you what, Silver, if we can't mention that—you know—the SRL merchandising unit—let us at least give the address and department where alert booksellers can write for further information. That isn't asking for much.

SILVER: O.K., what is it?

SALVER: Bookshop Department, Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th St.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

SCHEDULE OF RATES

ADVERTISING rates for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G. H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

AUCTIONS

COLLECTORS, LIBRARIES, will be interested in important auction of First Editions, Americana, Autographs, Special Items taking place next season starting October. Opportunity to purchase rare items at reasonable prices. You can bid by mail. Write for FREE CATALOG of next auction. Chicago Book & Art Auction Co., Dept. 1, 410 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS, CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNES, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. ALFRED F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Ave., New York.

INTERESTING CATALOGUE OF FIRST EDITIONS gladly mailed. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FIRST EDITIONS, rare and out-of-print books. Catalogue. FRED R. JONES, Oceanside, Long Island.

FIRST EDITIONS—FINE LITERATURE. Catalogues free. Anton Gud, 636 East 13th Street, New York.

FOREIGN

FRENCH BOOKS OF ALL FRENCH PUBLISHERS, over 500,000 in stock. LOWEST PRICES. Mail CATALOGUE 20c (Stamps). FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's Largest French Bookshop."

COLORFUL SOVIET POSTERS; all sizes, covering various phases of life in modern Russia. 15c to $1.50. Mrs. K. N. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITER'S WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

YOUR STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS, FICTION, Non-fiction, placed, criticized, revised. Professional assistance in placement and publication. New Authors invited. Write, or send manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

GERTRUDE R. WHITE, literary agent. Manuscripts criticized, revised, marketed. Typing service. 3816 Chrysler Building, New York.

EXPERT REVISION often secures acceptance. This I can give. Jack London and Arnold Bennett endorsed my work; Carl Van Doren, Ernest Rhys still do so. Editor *Representative Modern Short Stories* (Macmillan); formerly with Doubleday and Street & Smith. Established 1912. ALEXANDER JESSUP, Midland Park, New Jersey.

LITERARY RESEARCH. Information found on all subjects. Elizabeth Wilkes, 280 West 11th St., N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FORMER LIBRARIAN specializes completing libraries, also procuring out-of-print books reasonably. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

RARE BOOKS

RARE, OUT-OF-PRINT, New, USED, Occultism, Mysticism, Theosophy, Astrology, Philosophy, Psychology, Eastern Religions. The Gateway, 30 E. 60th St., New York.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES. An old-time hostelry, an unspoiled countryside —In the metropolitan area. Illustrated booklet on request. Norwalk, Telephone 2300, Connecticut.

SHORT STORY WRITING. Two 12-week courses beginning September 25 and October 1. Classes limited. Rates reasonable. Edna Yost, 15 Gramercy Park.

FOR RENT, "LATCHSTRING," in Northern New Jersey, charming two hundred year, stone, 3 fire places, nine rooms, two baths, two-car garage, garden. Secluded yet convenient. Partly furnished or not. Lease $125 month. Box 65, Wyckoff, N. J.

UNCONFIRMED Bachelor, New Yorker, anything but impecunious, transcontinental traveling auditor, diffident but three dimensional, seeks fourth dimensional feminine relief from boredom, prudes ignored. Box 634-A.

COLLEGE GRADUATE with excellent editorial experience wants secretarial position. Good stenographer. Poised and tactful. Box 674-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, 30, desires interesting contacts with refined New Yorkers; fond of concerts, theater, travel. Box 675-A.

HAPPY YOUTH with rose-colored glasses, and an unhackneyed viewpoint, desires position as traveling companion or decorator. Box 676-A.

MERE MAN, 39, looks 30, wants oxford grey topcoat size 38, suitable tuxedo wear. Also appreciate interesting correspondence with good-humored, educated, personable woman. Box 677-A.

EXPERT, English, French, Spanish, knowledge other tongues, native American man, educated America, Europe, wants employment New York or vicinity. Box 678-A.

A NEEDY STUDENT, a worthy profession, a laudable philanthropy: Earnest young student desiring to enter surgery, seeks patron. Communicate with Charles E. Smith, 217 Fulton Street, Cumberland, Md.

J. L. W. Waited by cigar stand July eighth, four-fifty to five-thirty—where were you?

LIKE YOUR YOUNG SON to grow up to have a creative scientific mind? Young man, colleged, scientist, broad industrial experience, can make science a living interest and absorbing creative activity for the young. Desires position tutor, companion, to science-inclined child. References. Box 679-A.

YOUNG MAN wants to buy camel's hair coat, size 38. Box 639-A.

SECRETARY, young lady, intelligent, competent, attractive, pleasing personality, experienced, desires position in New York. Box 690-A.

UNIVERSITY GRADUATE (28, male), now writing publicity in Chicago suburb, wants publishing house work as permanent vocation. Clerical experience, published articles, excellent references. Willing to go anywhere, start at bottom. Box 691-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, Columbia graduate student, has five spare evenings to exchange for spare room plus. Can be useful or entertaining. Box 692-A.

URGENT! Something to do at home. Anything. Box 693-A.

"DROOLING BLURBS" all fascinating; apologies unnecessary except for note of Aug. 26. Your premises wrong; conclusions hasty. Personal interview imperative. Suggest my office Oct. 10, Nov. 7, Dec. 19, 4 P. M. Provide yourself with extra watch, "by Gods of High Olympus." If time/place inconvenient, wire/phone. Write anyway but allow for accidents. No crawfishing! Box 694-A.

PERSONALS

NEAR CHICAGO. Wanted: nursery governess. Writer's country home. Write Peattie, Glenview, Illinois.

COLLEGE WOMAN, 25, would-be writer, teaching, literary research, secretarial experience, needs part or full time work drawing on this background. Box 695-A.

SECRETARY—Young woman, Protestant, fully qualified and experienced private secretary, unimpeachable references, seeks position where education, intelligence, background, count for something. Now employed. Box 696-A.

IS THERE a person who would like to finance the education of a dependable, capable, presentable girl of 17 who has at the last minute found home finances inadequate to send her to the Ethical Culture Training School? Full particulars will be given. Box 697-A.

RESPONSIBLE WOMAN, writer, wishes part time position of trust. Possibly children, evenings. Maintenance only; New York. Box 698-A.

PLEASE someone kind, quiet, and a little tired, write to me in a low voice. Box 699-A.

WHO WANTS use of peaceful sunlit apartment Monday to Friday nine to five East Thirties? MANHATTAN.

LISTENING LADY of Ridgefield, Conn., where shall HAROUN find you?

CONNECTICUT WOMAN, interested in Freud and his psychoanalytic theory, would like to contact others of similar interest. Box 701-A.

YOUNG MAN, college bred; editor of blue ribbon school newssheet; versatile, resourceful pen; proofreading, reporting, advertising, publicity up my alley; sedulity personified; remuneration subservient to success in any undertaking. Box 702-A.

500 PROCESSED TYPEWRITTEN LETTERS $2. Samples mailed. Carol Co., 132 Nassau, New York.

FOR SALE—150 Chromo Lithographs of the Arundel Society, commonly called Arundel Prints. All in first class condition. $1,000 for the set. Address "Arundel," 2013 Apple Tree Street, Philadelphia.

THE FORUM

announces

a new series of literary essays

by Mary M. Colum

beginning with the October issue

"Everyone of sapience knows that Mary M. Colum . . . is the best woman critic in America."

William Rose Benét

"One of the most brilliant essayists in America."

William Lyon Phelps

"With her comments on specific authors I agree to a higher extent than is common among critics."

John Erskine

Special Introductory Offer

THE FORUM
570 Lexington Avenue, New York

Here is my dollar. Please send me your six months' trial subscription, beginning with the October issue.

Name.....

Address.....

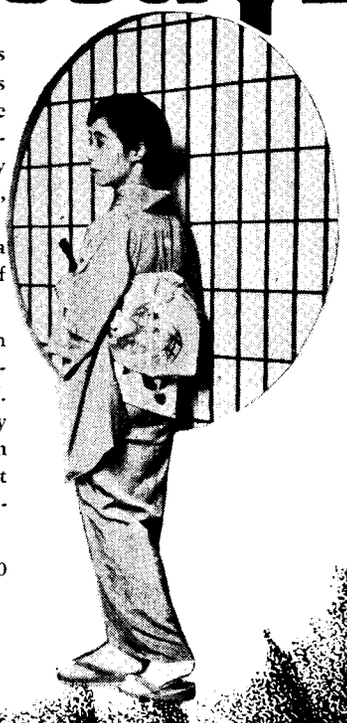
.....

SR

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Baroness Ishimoto

Facing Two Ways



Born of a Samurai family, Baroness Ishimoto helped free the geisha girls and the working women from the bondage of feudal Japan. Her autobiography reveals the intimate story of a courageous fight for suffrage, birth control, and social equality . . a triumphant fight which made a place for women in the world of men which is modern Japan.

"A fascinating true story, told with an exotic, quiet charm . . . delightful reading."—*Isabel Paterson,* N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE. "It is a happy thing that the western world can have a book like this from and about Japan."—*John Clair Minot,* BOSTON HERALD.

373 pages, 29 photographs. $3.50

THE Jewish Caravan

GREAT STORIES OF 25 CENTURIES

EDITED BY Leo Schwarz

A magnificent treasure chest of the literary riches of a great people accumulated over a period of 3000 years . . . More than a hundred selections from the greatest and most representative Jewish writers . . . ranging from the Old and New Testaments, the Agada, the Apocrypha and Josephus, to Arnold Zweig, Ludwig Lewisohn, Sholom Asch, Max Brod, Edmond Fleg, Franz Werfel, Michael Gold . . . "One of the most remarkable books of many years. It should make every Jew proud of his race."—*George H. Doran.* 768 pages, $3.75

THE Wish Child

BY Ina Seidel

A novel of heroic proportions, made up of three large themes woven together: a strange, tender, yet one-sided love affair; the courageous and thrilling life of one beautiful woman; and the intricate cross-currents of political and military fortune that swept over Germany just prior to and during the Napoleonic Era. "I read every word of it enthralled."—*Hayter Preston,* THE LONDON REFEREE. "A remarkable piece of historical reconstruction."—*London Times.*
619 pages, $2.75

Anthony Adverse

Over one million copies were sold throughout the world at the original price. Now *at a new low price* it is one of the big bargains of our time. *1224 pages complete and unabridged.* NOW ONLY $2.00

The Sun Sets in the West

By Myron Brinig

author of SINGERMANN

Even greater than *Singermann* is this dramatic story of the men and women, bad and good, Jew and Gentile, in a Montana mining city . . . A panoramic novel rich in characters, compassion, beauty, humor . . . by one of America's most important novelists. You may remember Mr. Brinig's *Wide Open Town* and *This Man is My Brother.* This is his best book by far! 360 pages, $2.50

The Ginkgo Tree

By Cora Jarrett

author of NIGHT OVER FITCH'S POND

Night Over Fitch's Pond was hailed last year, both here and abroad, as a real literary discovery. Its unusual theme and original plot stirred the enthusiasm of critics and readers alike. Cora Jarrett's new novel, written with the same curious intensity and psychological insight, will startle and delight readers as did her previous success. 339 pages, $2.50

A SHELF OF MYSTERIES

THE LEAGUE OF FRIGHTENED MEN
A Nero Wolfe mystery by Rex Stout, $2.00

MR. PINKERTON: A Scotland Yard Omnibus
by David Frome, $2.00

BURN FOREVER *by Leslie Ford,* $2.00

By Frederick Wight

South

Booksellers know when great books are born. *Marcia Passage* of THE SUNWISE TURN BOOKSHOP says:

"Please place me among the loud and high sopranos in the choir to sing the praises of Frederick Wight's SOUTH. It's tiresome to compare books to jewels —but if ever I saw a book that was like a diamond—cold, hard, pure and perfect in every facet—this is it . . You've made a gorgeous book of it. I hope to Heaven it has a huge sale."

634 pages, with 5 full-color portraits by the author. $3.00

Farrar and Rinehart, 232 Madison Ave., N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED